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Tipton High School. Senior  
Class.  
The Tiptonian









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# The Tiptonian

MCMLXX

Annual Publication

Edited by

The Seniors

of the

Tipton High School

Tipton, Indiana

Volume XXX

## Dedication

to

Prof. C. C. Nodds

By whose kind instruction and assistance we have been enabled to reach the topmost round of this, our high school career, we The Class of 1911, humbly dedicate this little volume as an expression of our esteem and gratitude.



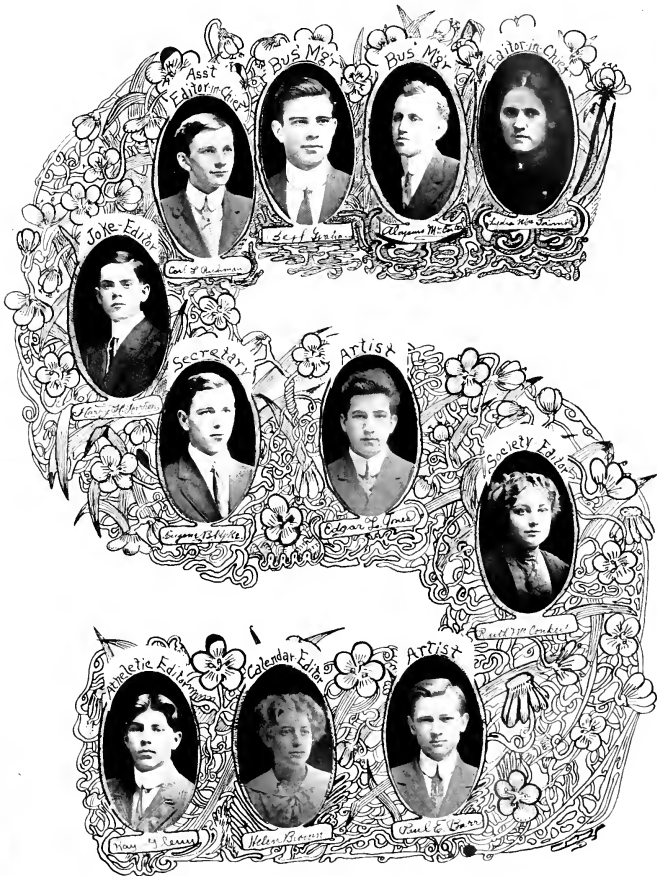
## FOREWORD

**T**HE TIPTONIAN STAFF takes this opportunity to introduce itself to the reader. We have spent much time in editing this little volume. We know this is no literary masterpiece, that it will not stand the test of a critic. However we have never lost courage and we think that the book is not wholly without merit. If it refreshes in the minds of our friends the events of the past school year, it has served its purpose. We have chosen such literary compositions as can entertain and instruct. It has also been our aim to give an insight into our High School life and to show our standing in athletics and debating.

We knew that the undertaking meant labor yet the task assigned us has been carried on with interest and pleasure. We thank our teachers and fellow students for assistance rendered.

This book is published out of genuine good feeling toward all and we trust our efforts may be appreciated.

*"Go, little book, God give thee good passage."*



Asst. Editor in Chief  
 Bus. Mgr.  
 Bus. Mgr.  
 Editor in Chief



Joke-Editor



Secretary

Artist

Society Editor



Athletic Editor

Calendar Editor

Artist

Miss G.

Helen B.

Frank E.

# Tipton High School

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## MOTTO

I am a part of all that I have met.

## COLOR

Prussian Blue.

## FLOWER

White Rose.

## YELL

Hoop La! Boom La!!  
Phiza Boom! Ya Hah!!  
Tipton High School!!  
Wah Hoo!! Wa Hah!!

---

## SCHOOL BOARD

WALTER W. MOUNT	-	-	-	President
A. W. RAMSAY	-	-	-	Secretary
WALTER CARTER	-	-	-	Treasurer



Edgar  
2 Jones.



SUPT. C.F. PATTERSON, HIST.  
 PRIN. G.G. DODDS, HIST. & GERM.  
 ELLINOR K. TOWNE., LATIN.  
 H. GRETCHEN SCOTTEN, ENG.  
 CLARENCE E. DEETZ., SCIENCE.  
 J. MAUDE BENNETT., MATH.





# SENIORS

# Senior Class

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## MOTTO

Ad astra per aspera

## COLORS

Red and Gray.

## FLOWER

Dark Red Rose.

## YELL

Whippiditty! Zing-a-Zang!

Flippiditt! bing-a-bang!

One nine double one!

Zippa ding dibble dun

Seniors! Seniors!!

Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

---

## OFFICERS

President.....	Harold Patten
Vice-President.....	Aloysius McEntee
Secretary.....	Eugene B. Pyke
Treasurer.....	John D. Smith
Seargent Arms.....	Bertha Porter
Chaplain.....	Leonard Pence



HAROLD E. PATTEN

"There is great ability in knowing how to conceal one's ability."

HELEN BROWN

"A cheerful countenance betokens a cheerful heart."

ALOYSIUS McENTEE

"The best and noblest lives are those which are set toward high ideals."

RUTH McCONKEY

"The highest wisdom is continual cheerfulness."



BERL G. GRAHAM  
"None but himself can be  
his parallel."



FLORENCE LEWIS  
"In thy face I see the map  
of honor, truth and loyalty."



CARL L. RICHMAN  
"They are never alone who  
are accompanied by noble  
thoughts"



PEARL MAYNE  
"All musical people seem  
to be happy."





HARRY HERRON

"Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit."

GLADYS BOWLIN

"Unselfish and noble actions are the most radiant pages in the biography of souls."

EUGENE B. PYKE

"Great objects bring out great minds."

JEAN JOHNS

"If my heart were not light I would die."

Edgar Jones



PAUL E. BARR

"Common sense is the  
knack of seeing things as they  
are and doing things as they  
ought to be done."



LYDIA MAE TRIMBLE

"The more we study the  
more we discover our ignor-  
ance."



RAY GLENN

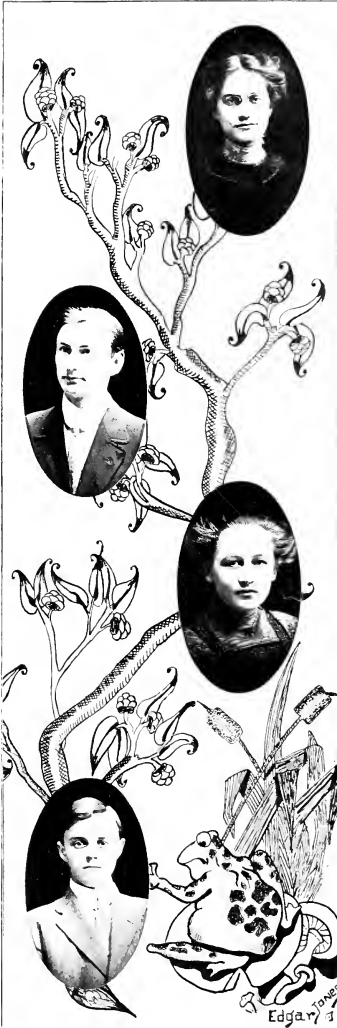
"A good disposition is  
more valuable than gold."



MABEL SHOWERS

"Silence smileth best."





JUANITA TRESIDDER

"Patience! it is the soul of peace; of all the virtues it is nearest kin to heaven."

JOHN D. SMITH, JR.

"High aims form high character."

BERTHA PORTER

"The acts of God to human ears cannot without process of speech be told."

FLOYD H. MAYNE

"Active natures are rarely melancholy."



PEARL ASKREN  
"A graceful and pleasing figure is a perpetual letter of recommendation."



ALLAN INNIS  
"There is no greater every-day virtue than cheerfulness."



EMMA TROUTMAN  
"A beauty all resplendent shines from thine eyes."



RAY KIRTLY  
"The gentleman is a learned and most rare speaker."







LELA GOOD

"Soft peace she brings; where  
ever she arrives she builds our  
quiet."

ROBERT F. SMITH

"For health and the constant  
enjoyment of life, give me a  
keen and ever present sense of  
humor."

RUTH ANDERSON

"Thy voice is celestial mel-  
ody."

OREN E. FOSTER

You know I say just what I  
think and nothing more nor  
less. I cannot say one thing  
and mean another.



EDITH RAMSAY

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

## We Seniors

Emerged from a mere bit of toiling  
We come forth to help in these lands  
To carry our works, not recoiling  
From task placed next to our hands.

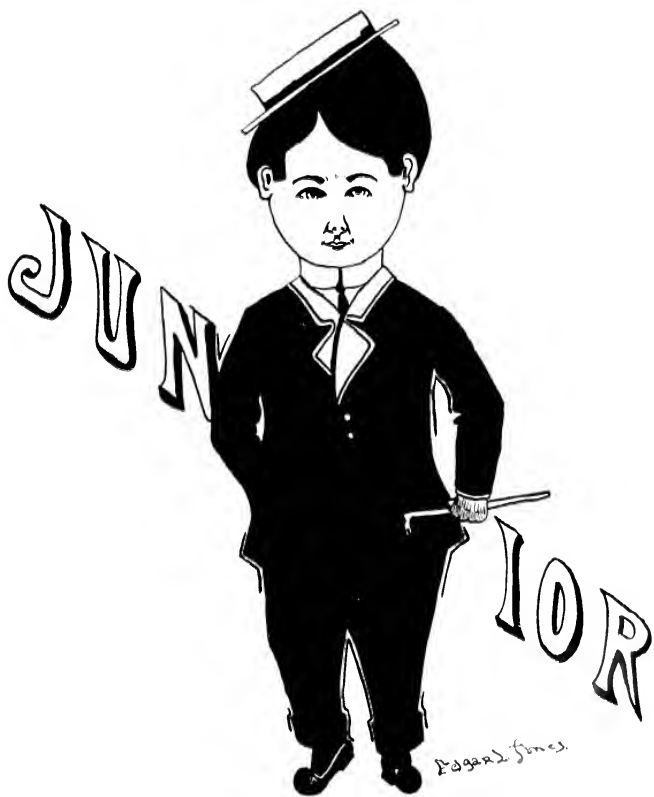
We know we have yet much to master,  
For truly great things we've not met,  
But we hope we may banish disaster  
And possess at life's end no regret.

We confess our experience is meagre  
However that can't long endure,  
Our minds and our souls are too eager  
To find for that illness a cure.

We will live on the sphere of endeavor  
The world of inevitable gain,  
We will court strong ambition forever,  
Keep purest our hearts without stain.

But when we have crossed life's great border  
And paid over each worldly debt  
May we say to our life's great Recorder  
"We're a part of each thing we have met."

HARRY HERRON, '11



Edgar Jones.

# Junior Class

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## MOTTO

Frisch begonnen, halb gewonnen.

## COLORS

Green and White.

## FLOWER

White Carnation.

## YELL

Boomeracka! Boomeracka Boomeracree  
Ripazipa! Ripaziha! Who are we?  
Tipton Juniors! Don't you see?  
Nineteen Twelve!  
Boomerackaree!

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## OFFICERS

President . . . . . Hugh Shook  
Vice-President . . . . . Dorothy Bell  
Sec. and Treas. . . . . Marie Nicholson  
Calendar and Joke Editor . . . . . Clyde Barr

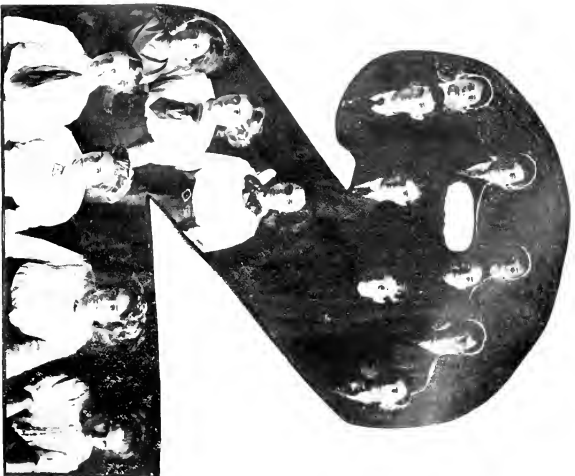
## MEMBERS

### 1

Dalliee Francis  
Hugh Shook  
Earnest Rosenthal  
Frank Hardy  
Herman Hozier  
Marie Nicholson  
Anna Moore  
Murrel Watson

### 2

Louis Foster  
Allen Johnson  
Donald Tresidder  
Paul Bower  
Ralph Smith  
Gordy Wheatly  
Thomas Robinson  
Clyde Barr  
Earl Ludwig  
Maude Wiggins  
Francis Staats  
Gladys Dice  
Dorothy Bell  
Isabelle Walker  
Edna Little  
Alice Pyke



## The Junior Class.

We're crazy 'bout our teachers,  
We know they love us, too,  
For they seldom ever scold us,  
No matter what we do.

Do they?

Mr. Dodds thinks we're just perfect,  
We're the best class anyway,  
"They're a credit to the High School."  
That is what you hear him say.

Isn't it?

Miss Towne thinks we're great in Latin,  
We read Cic'ro by the page,  
And we never miss constructions,  
Only once in 'bout an age.

Do we?

Mr. Patterson knows we're angels,  
There's no doubt at all, to him;  
He says we're the greatest ever—  
We learn History with a vim.

Don't we?

And Miss Bennett loves our Math. class;  
Our constructions are the best;  
And we always make 100,  
On every single test.

Don't we?

Miss Scotten reads our English themes,  
She thinks they are 'sehr gut';  
To grade them misses hours of sleep,  
And gives us A, to boot.

Doesn't she?

And so you see how sweet we are,  
And how our teachers love us;  
They spend their time being nice to us,  
And saying nice things of us.

Don't they?



E. JONES

SOPHIS!

# Sophomore Class

---

## MOTTO

No Roses Without Thorns.

## COLORS

Old Gold and Black.

## FLOWER

Dark Red Carnation.

## YELL

Strawberry Short Cake! Rhubarb Pie

V-i-c-t-o-r-y

Will we win? well I should guess

Sophomores! Sophomore!! Yes! Yes!! Yes!!!

---

## OFFICERS

President.....Enola Daum  
Vice-President.....Roma Brookbank  
Sec. and Treas.....Edith Scally  
Joke Editor.....Myron Stright  
Calendar Editor.....Nina B. Smith





Top Row Left to Right—John Langan, William Zehner, Noel Loucks, Stanley Springer, Myron Scright, Ruhl Good.

Middle Row—Mary Edmonds, Elma Michaels, Harry Albershardt, Marie Patrick, Nora Smelser.

Bottom Row—Harold Frisz, Dora Doyersberger, George Bower, Lillian Peters, Kent Little.



Top Row, Left to Right—Minor Bower, Roma Brookbank, Churchill Cox, Raymond Little, Fred Roulis, Homer Allison.

Middle Row—Esther Huron, Enola Daum, Nina B. Smith, Lucile Niskey.

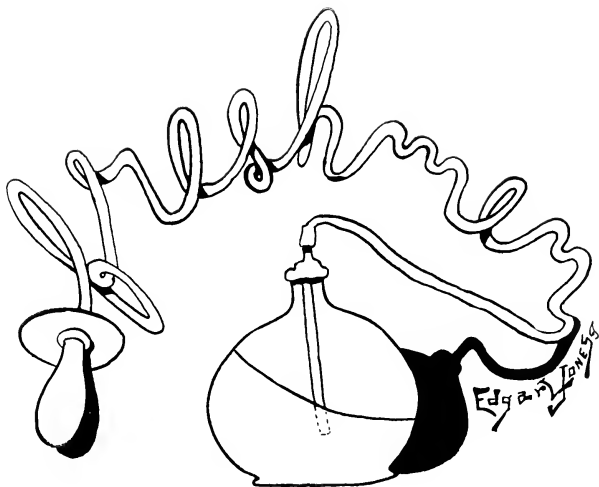
Bottom Row—Ward Norris, Edith Scally, Bessie Tranbarger, Gwendolyn Roulis, Miriam Trittschuh, Ralph Parsons.

## Sophomore Praises

The Sophomore class is the class of the school,  
They obey every teacher, they obey every rule;  
They never write notes or do any thing  
That they consider a condemnable sin.

"Practice makes perfect" is what they all say,  
And that was their motto in their Freshman day.  
And since this good motto they all try to keep,  
Someday they all hope for a large Senior seat.

MIRIAN TRITTSCHUH, '13



# Freshman Class

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## MOTTO

Rowing not drifting

## COLORS

Crimson and Cream

## FLOWER

White Rose

## YELL

Ge whiz! Lippety Siz!

Flippity Floppity Flappity Fiz

Zip! Rah! Crimson and Cream

Hurrah for the Big Class of Fourteen

---

## OFFICERS

President.....	Marie Wafflar
Vice-President.....	Forest Eaton
Secretary.....	Helene Trimble
Treasurer.....	Arthur McNary
Joke Editor.....	Mary Middleton
Calendar Editor.....	Beaufod Harter



I A Section

Top Row—mary middleton, willie albershardt, audna boyd, forest eaton, marie wafflar

Bottom Row—john stitt, margaret colley, ruby jones, edna leagne, vera schwab, louis miller.



I A Section

Top Row—argos Shope, india thomas, hildreth hiatt, mary m'conkey

Middle Row—estella glenn, bertha johnson, jean carter, esther boucks, helen trimble, luther richman,

Bottom Row—alpha gray, margaret long, gertrude henry, ruth shook, esther congill, bruce summers-



I B Section

Top Row—cyril mattingly, nellie pressler, harold kroetz, ruth johnson, paul grishaw, arthur menary.

Middle Row—marie vandevander, harry glass, ethel mundell, ralph riberger, zella wynn.

Bottom Row—hobert kinder, melba richards, harvey hall, martha hensley, robert pyke.

# LITERATURE



"THE PRODUCT OF  
GREAT MINDS."

## “Ulysses.”---A Paraphrase



It is little profit to me, in this still home, and among these barren rocks, to make and to decree partial laws to an uncultured race, that stores up treasure, eats, and sleeps, yet does not own me as king. I cannot stay at home: I will have all there is in life, even the dregs. I have greatly enjoyed all times, both when with my followers, and when alone on shore and on stormy seas. I have become an authority on all things, for in my wanderings I have seen and learned much—cities and customs of men, climates, councils and governments of the world; and in all these I am greater than any other. I have fought with my equals upon the plains of Troy. I have made everything that I have seen, mine; yet ever, as I move forward, there gleams ahead an unknown something, and as I draw near, the unknown again appears in advance. How stupefying it is to hesitate, to stop, to degenerate to nothing in idleness, as though mere existence were life itself. Many lives were too little for my purpose, and but a little while is left to me. But every day has saved something from the darkness of death, bringing about unknown things. It is mean for me to keep myself and my native courage longing to follow knowledge like a star, even into the great unknown of death.


This is my son, my own Telemachus, and my heir. To him I leave the task of making this rough people mild and to bring them under the influence of useful and good things. He is blameless, his work is in common duties, he is always tender, and will pay all veneration to the household gods of his father when his father is dead. He is to carry out his own work, while I do mine.

The ship sails from the port, out into the dark and dangerous sea. My sailors, you who have been mine in all things, you who welcomed storm or sunshine, we are old. Old age has both its honor and its duty. Death is the end of all, but before the end comes, one thing nobler may yet be done. The night comes. Come, let us seek another world: row toward the west, for my purpose is to sail forever onward until I die. We may reach the Happy Isles and see the great Achilles. We are what we are, made "to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

ALLEN R. JOHNSON. '12



## The Millionaire's Thanksgiving

 HE great millionaire oil magnate of New York, Andrew P. Barnard, sat in his office in a deep brown study. He was wearied by the grind and turmoil of the day's mental strain, and varied tho'ts crept into his mind. As he sat there, his icy countenance fixed upon something in far off space, a thought silently and stealthily crept in to mingle with the cares of business. At first he was merely aware of something, then more potent did that something become, until all else was crowded from his mind. He was thinking of the coming "Thanksgiving."

Musingly, the powerful man put the question to himself for answer: "What am I thankful for?" "Well—I am successful, worldly at least; I am amidst all splendor; I see not how I can improve my conditions, I have no more to be thankful for now, than I had one year, yes;—even five years ago. Yet!—It seems, I owe a debt. To whom, I know not. It seems to grow as I think. I am not satisfied in conscience with the mere prayer of thanks. But what else shall I do." So ran his soliloquy, until his mere feeling of indebtedness grew into an inconsolable restlessness of mind. He savagely dived into his papers, but after blankly searching their pages rose from his elegantly upholstered office chair, determined to rid himself of the wearied and restless state of mind. He called his auto and was whisked to his home. Still the half guilty feeling weighed heavily upon his mind. He hurriedly retired, hoping to cast off the feeling by a night's slumber, but rose the following morning refreshed, though holding, still, the restless feeling and distress of mind.

The numberless crystals of glittering frost, the nipping atmosphere and dancing sunlight, were so invigorating, that the mighty man of business determined to enjoy it by a brisk walk to the office rather than call his auto. After he had walked several squares, he encountered a "Newsy." He purchased a morning edition of the "World", and before his eyes left the ragged urchin, an idea flashed into his mind. "By Jove! I'll do it! I'll do it!" And this is what he proposed—a rousing big feast for the newsboys of the city of New York. Such a Thanksgiving feast as New York had never before witnessed—a treat for every "newsy," a feast of a lifetime.

It was twelve a. m., in New York Nov. 24, '10. In a dozen immense hallways thru'out the city, approximately fifty thousand newsboys were assembled, guests of an unknown host. Before them were spread tons of smoking, steaming hot

turkey, barrels and barrels of dressing, thousands and thousands of pies, and sauces of innumerable variety. Millions of shiny teeth showing and thousands of pairs of bulging eyes denoted the unspeakable appreciation of the greatest feast ever held in New York. Where it came from not a single boy knew. However each each did know it was "De Bulliest Eats We's Eber Chopped."

Mr. Andrew P. Barnard went home that night, his heart brimming over with cheer and bubbling with enthusiasm, for he realized he had really brought to pass a Thanksgiving to be remembered for many future years and by many future men, the present waifs of the "News Butchers of Old New York."

HARRY H. HERRON, '11.



## The Verdant Freshies

I stood upon the mountain,  
I gazed down on the plain,  
I saw a lot of green stuff,  
That look like waving grain.

I took another look at it—  
I thought it must be grass,  
But laws o'mercy, 'pon my soul,  
It was our Freshman class.

## "A Tragedy from Real Life"

### CAST.

Sir Harry Albershardt of Holky Polky Lane.

Lady Edith Scally of Auld Sod.

### SCENE I.

Street in front of "Bargain Store."

Enter Sir Harry, (with a half peck of prunes in an onion crate under arm.)

Enter Lady Edith—opposite wing.

Sir Harry (aside.) "Ah! here is a chance to disport myself before the rising generations."

(Aloud and assuming pose) "Prithee, my Lady fair, hast in mind the hay ride of this night?"

Lady Edith, (closely inspecting a ten cent can of "Sweet William" sardines) "Yes, fair lad."

Sir Harry, (nibbling a slice of "Limburger Delight") "And, my own, hast in mind a youth of unusual qualities with whom to make the evening enjoyable?"

Lady Edith, (blushing) "Ah! yes my noble lad, I have one such in mind."

Sir Harry, (with ardent manner) "O! dost make me happy beyond measure. Prithee, when will thou be ready to set out?"

Lady Edith, (dropping the sardines into an apple butter jar) "O! heartless wretch! you shock me. I have this eve promised Sir Frederick Rouls my company. Go! base usurper, go! and ne'er look upon my face again."

### SCENE II.

Same establishment—Garbage and egg sorting room.

Sir Harry, (prostrating himself on potato bin) "'Swounds, O, ye immortal gods! That it should come to this." (Much wailing and gnashing of teeth.)

MYRON SERIGHT, '13.

## Our Beloved Prof.

Who is it we all do regard  
As if he were our best trump card;  
Who is it we all love and admire  
For his "go after 'em" and fire;  
Who is it that we claim so great?  
Why, it's Patterson, sure as fate.

He has such feeling for mankind,  
And such a broad and healthful mind;  
That whether he's here or miles away,  
He's in our hearts and there to stay.  
Who helps us work out good debates?  
Why, it's Patterson, sure as fates.

He gives exams "once in a while,  
Only because they are in style;  
Just answer the questions in your way,  
He'll mark your paper all O. K.  
Who believes in practical things?  
Why, it's Patterson, by jings.

At times he gets far from the text;  
You never know what he'll say next,  
Whether a joke to make clear a fact  
Or a question; both show his tact.  
Who is it that can stir your mind?  
Our Patterson's the best you'll find.

His presence fills us with new life  
To carry out our daily strife,  
And we, as Seniors, wish to say,  
To him we highest tribute pay:  
We'll ne'er forget what he has done,  
For we love Professor Patterson.

# CLASS WILL



E, the dignified members of the class of 1911, before leaving this fair temple of wisdom, known as the Tipton High School, for higher regions, do hereby make and solemnly declare this to be our first Will and Testament:

## ARTICLE I.

TO THE FACULTY:—

To Mr. Patterson: A class in American History worthy of our place (if such is possible.)

To Mr. Dodds: All the pretty ties lost in class scraps together with any German translation which he may choose to retain as mementoes of our ability.

To Miss Scotten: Permission to place statues of the Seniors of 1911 in the Assembly when those of other great personages are erected. Also all "Chaucer" ponies.

To Miss Towne: All the Latin ponies she may be able to find, together with translations from 'Virgil' written by the Seniors.

To Mr. Deetz: A glee club that can 'sing' and a Chemistry class that can't do the work as we have.

To Miss Bennett: The right to publish in book form the new methods and theories worked out and proven by the members of this class.

## ARTICLE II.

### CLAUSE 1.

To all the classes remaining in this school and to next year's Freshman class, we give all the credits which they may be able to make, beg, buy, steal, or in any way acquire, together with seats both in in the assembly and in the class rooms the privilege of taking a reserved seat when necessary.

### CLAUSE 2.

TO THE JUNIOR CLASS:—

All Divine Rights and privileges which have been enjoyed by us during the last school year; our places in the assembly room and in the class rooms; our prestige as athletes, debators, musicians, scholars and artists; all chemicals and laboratory apparatus; our Chemistry manuals, and complete note books for same; all ponies and superfluous credits together with anything else which will help to make their high school lives easy. Besides, we give to them all members of the '11 class who fail to make all their credits; also the many trials and tribulations of the 'Tiptonian' staff.

CLAUSE 3.

TO THE SOPHOMORES:

Next year's base ball championship together with our share in the ball, and the privilege of attending next year's Junior-Senior Reception.

CLAUSE 4.

TO THE FRESHMAN:—

All Sophomores who failed to make their credits, the privilege of going on botanizing expeditions, and the seats now held by the Sophomores, PROVIDED they give over all their games, dolls, sleds, toys, and bibs to the future Freshmen class.

ARTICLE III.

GENERAL:—

To Ester L., Pearl M's place at the piano.

To John L. and Cyril M., credits for sleeping.

To Carl C., the privilege of taking all the Terms.

To Harry A., the privilege of writing a botany text.

To Gladys D., Florence L's dignity.

To Nina Smith, Gladys B's studious habit.

To Forest E., Carl C., and Will Z., their accustomed seats in the front row.

To Helen T., and Melba R., all the lectures the faculty may see fit to give.

To some unfortunate Junior, Floyd M's wecked chemistry apparatus.

To Gordy W., our sincerest wishes that he may acquire a greater height than breadth.

To Don T., Eugene Pyke's enthusiasm in English class.

To Edna Little, a quiet gentle pony.

To Francis S., Ruth A's class pins and their owners from the surrounding cities, as—K. H. S. and E. H. S.

To the Freshies: The perils of hazing their successors.

To Jessie Hobbs:—Allan Innis' heart.

To the student body—a chance to gaze at the airships on the ceiling of the assembly room.

To the Public:—The fruits of our labor in the form of an annual, the best we were able to put forth.

To the world:—Twenty-nine youths and maidens to help move her along.

SIGNED

THE CLASS OF 1911.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 19th day of May., in the year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred Eleven.

(My commission expires January 1, 1999.)

## What's the Matter with Harry?

Harry's mother's worried, 'cause Harry's lookin' dead;  
He acts as strange as if he was—off his little head;  
He mumbles bits of English, and German lessons, too;  
He talks of hydrostatics till she don't know what to do!

His hands are always shakin'

And his head is always achin'

And the ugly little furrows are creasin' up his brow.

His little knees are quakin'

And he says his back is breakin'—

But it's just because he's takin' his examinations now!

Doctor in a carriage, stoppin' at the gate,

All the neighbors wonder—why they're up so late,

All the family walkin' with solemn, muffled tread—

Must be someone perty sick—or maby, nearly dead:

But it ain't bronchitis

And it ain't appendicitis—

And it ain't the scarlet fever, or the chills, I vow!

It ain't the meningitis

And it ain't the tonsillitis—

If you ask us what the blight is—its examinations now!

Chemistry's a muddle—German verbs are, too—

History and Latin—can he scramble thru?

Laws of chemical action—don't know where he's at!

Higher mathematics,

Surds and mixed quadratics,

Exponents indeterminate—and logarithms—wow!

Roots and permutations—

Proportions—Variations—

These darned examinations are worryin' him now!

## A Practical Joke and Its Results



None of the most fashionable districts of Indianapolis lived a Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Marks. Charles B., was a prominent lawyer of the city and spent most of his time in his down-town office, while Mrs. Marks was a well-known and quite popular society lady who spent most of her time in entertaining or attending pink teas. She had come from a poor, obscure family of Southern Indiana and, becoming very proud after marrying the popular lawyer, she did not like to have her poor relatives mentioned in the presence of her rich friends. If any one did speak of them, well, it was to their sorrow for Mrs. Marks had an uncontrollable temper. One of the servants, Bridget, by name, had been cruelly discharged at the mere utterance of her mistress' family name. The scene of the dismissal, according to the reports of the other domestics, was somewhat on the order of a bargain sale.

Now Charles B., loved his wife, as all good 'hubbies' should, but he was aware of her one fault,—a fiery temper,—and sought some means of conquering it. An idea came to him when he heard about the ball to be given by his better half. Mrs. Marks had invited several of her most intimate friends to her home, and Charles B. thought that it would be a most opportune time to correct his frau's fault. So the next day he sent an invitation to Ezekiel Stubbs, brother of Mrs. Marks. The invitation was so urgent that Ezekiel thought it best to accept it. He spent the next morning in reading from a book on etiquette and about one o'clock departed for the home of his sister in Indianapolis.

Everything at Mrs. Marks ball was progressing splendidly when suddenly the maid in livery announced Mr. Ezekiel Stubbs, and into the ball room marched Ezekiel in all the glory which his dear old Brown county home could put forth. What became of Mrs. Marks?—well, she was nearly on the verge of hysterics, and when her well-meaning but over-joyed brother came up to her and embraced her, it was too much, and she fainted away in his strong arms.

The guests were shocked; even Mr. Marks had not expected such a turn in affairs, and it was with much difficulty that he explained. When Mrs. Marks revived, instead of seeing the room vacant as she had supposed it would be, she saw it full of laughing faces and she knew that her guests were still her friends, and so the ball went merrily on.

Thus at last one fiery temper was subdued, for Mrs. Marks, afterwards, was always ready to receive and welcome her relatives, and her house-hold no longer lived in dread of that keen-edged tool which grows sharper with constant use.



## A Half-hour in the "B"



CONVERSATION was at a very high pitch of animation when Nina Smith came into the "B" and made her way back to the table where about ten of the Sophomores had assembled. Enola Daum, who had been one of the members of the class, had moved to Cincinnati. She had recently returned for a short visit with Nina and now the latter had received a letter from her.

"Oh, Kids!" exclaimed Nina, "I have just received a letter from Enola, and if you want me to, I will read it."

"To be sure; read it quick," came in a chorus.

"All right, here goes—

"My dear Nina:—

I started into school Tuesday and have not had time to turn around since. I have Latin every day, and really I am about to croak. But that isn't nearly the worst of this sad, sad—

Just then the proprietor came to take the orders.

Nina said, "Give me a Billy-Dope."

"What kind, please?"

"Give her a lemon billy," said Noel.

"I'll take a chocolate Romeo," this from Roma.

After the rest had ordered sodas, Kent said "Now go on with the letter, Nina."

All right; but where did I leave off?" said Nina.

"Oh, yes,"—But that isn't nearly the worst of this sad, sad tale. The household has the mumps. Oh! woe is me! Think of having such a lovely time with you all week and then coming home to a mumpsy house. But do not be alarmed, my beloved, I am not staying at home. I am cast out on the cruel, cruel world. But such is life in a great city.

Well, fare thee well, fare thee well. I must now tear myself away and go and study Latin.

With Pecks of Love,

ENOLA.

P. S.—Hereafter the password is 'mumps.' You can see how it has affected my brain. Give my love to the Kids.

ENOLA.

"Well, that was a pretty good letter," said Noel, straightening himself up.

"Yes" said Nina. "But do hurry up and eat your cream, Edith, or we will go

off and leave you."

"Well, I am hurrying just as fast as I can, but you may go on, if you want to," said Edith.

"Now you don't need to think your mouth is as small as that," this from Will.

Just here the conversation turned to one loud shriek from the girls. Nina had knocked her glass of water over and it was dripping on Alma's dress. Their screams brought the proprietor to the rescue.

"Do, let's go," said Roma, "because Nina said she had to wash dishes when she got home."

And so with much talking and laughing the crowd departed, leaving the "B" quiet once more.

ESTHER HURON, '13

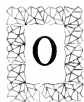


## The Faculty and Those Complimentary Names

They called us names till we were tired;  
" " " " " " perspired;  
" " " " that we can't spell;  
" " " " " " won't tell;  
" " " " " made us laugh;  
" " " " for a year and a half;  
" " " " till our memories did fail;  
Till out of their sight we longed to sail.

MIRIAM TRITTSCHUH, '13

## The Origin of Thanksgiving



ONCE upon a time, there was a Fearful Ogress, who lived in a Dark Cave in the Mountains. One day she captured a Band of People and shut Them up in Her Gloomy Home. This made the People very Unhappy, and there was much Wailing and Gnashing of Teeth. In vain did They offer the Ogress Gold and Silks and Precious Jewels if She would only let Them go, but She was Obdurate, as well as very Wicked, and would not listen to Their Pleadings.

At last, moved by their sad Demeanor, and Their Briny Tears, She called Them all together and spoke thus:—"Whereas You, my Prisoners, like not Your Present Abode, and whereas You are much distressed in Mind, I have determined to assign a Task to Each and Every One of You, and this Task You must do faithfully and well on Bane of my Displeasure and a Certain Calamity which shall befall You. If You do this Task, so shall You be free to go Your Way, whither It leads You."

When the People heard this They were much delighted and there was much Merriment and Joy, but when They heard the Tasks they were to perform They turned Pale like unto Death and They were sore Afraid.

However, Fear of the Calamity set Them about their Tasks, and They worked and labored for many Years. The Work was difficult and tedious, but the Thought of the Dreadful Calamity kept Them at it. At last all but One had finished. The Time was near at hand when all the Work must be done and Fear of the Dreadful Calamity filled Their Hearts with Dark Fore-bodings. The One worked Night and Day and He grew Weak and Pale and His Eyes grew dull with Fatigue, yet He dared not stop until His Task had been completed. The Appointed Day drew nearer and nearer until at last only One Day was left to the One for finishing His task. Fear of the Calamity was in Every Heart, but They cheered the One and He worked diligently.

The Noon of the Last Day came, and still He toiled on,—Evening and Night and yet He plied His Tools. Late into the Night He worked and then, just as the Last Tiny Second of That Day blended with the First of the Next Day, He laid aside His Tools with a sigh of Relief and fell asleep.

At Daybreak the Ogress came to the Prison and found the Tasks finished, so she was compelled to give Them Their Freedom. With Light Hearts They left the Gloomy Cave and went down the Steep Mountain to Their Home in the Valley, and so overjoyed were They because They had finished Their Themes in Time to escape the Term Exams that They appointed a Day of General Thanksgiving and had a Great Feast, and ever since That Time Their Descendants have celebrated Thanksgiving Day.

## Those Horrible School Books



SAT at my library table, thinking or rather idly dreaming. Before me lay a pile of books, a pile so large that it seemed like a mountain looming up before me. I turned my head that I might not see them but to no avail; the stack only seemed to grow larger with each passing moment. My mind was wandering, but again and again my thoughts were drawn back to the books by that huge something called "conscience."

Presently, as I sat idly gazing around, I heard a still small voice whispering, "Listen!" For a time I could hear nothing; then, listening more closely, I heard—what was it?—a quarrel. I soon found out from the words that it came from the members of that horrible book club which, for the last hour or so, I had been trying so hard to forget.

For a time I paid no attention to their remarks. Soon however the conversation grew louder, their words became hotter and more emphasized. I just could not help hearing them—that was all there was about it.

"I know better; you know for yourself she always gets me first. I heard her say so to one of the girls. Those problems are as easy as can be, it's nothing but fun to work them." This from the Arithmetic.

"Well, but she always leaves me till the last, and then she takes me up and holds me for a long, long time before she begins to work really hard."

"Huh! that shows that she doesn't like you, and I don't blame her one bit. I hate History too. O! now, don't be offended, I had reference to the other members of your family. Of course, I like you all right."

Just then Chem's metallic voice was heard. "I know she doesn't like me, but I don't care. She gives me a good letting-alone, and that's just what I enjoy."

"O! shnt up, Greenie" yelled out both Hist. and Math. "Who asked you for anything?"

"For goodness' sake, quit your quarreling. I know the consequences of it and you had better take a fool's advice," warned 'Der Schwiegersonn."

"Let's get quiet, please. Page 80." These words from the song-book. But they didn't get quiet.

"Here, here, now! I know she doesn't Lovett any more than she does me," interrupted the English Literature. "What do you think about it, Cicero?"

"O", said Cicero, sternly "we must have order or we can't do anything. Order! Order! The senate is now adjourned."

But "Wait a minute, please," roared the song-book, rapping with his staff, "I want you to sing 'Sweet and Low' before she begins to hammer away at us."

But he need not have feared about my "hammering away," for with the first strains of the song my conscience was lulled to slumber and, since it tormented me no longer, I myself soon followed, leaving my books unopened, my lessons unlearned, and my credits unearned.

## How Girls Study



Did you ever see two girls get together and study? I have, and it generally goes like this:—

"John Bunyan was born in 1628—In 1628 John Bunyan was born. Well, what did you say, kid? You would so much rather see the hair in coils than in puffs? Yes, so would I.—Oh goodness! I never will get ready for that horrid old English exam."

"Alexander Pope was born in 1688. He wrote the "Dunciad" O, I don't care if he did, I suppose the world would have been just as well off if he had never written it."

"Have I my Arithmetic? No, and I guess I will study it right now. Exercise ninety—four, isn't it?"

"Oh, this problem! "How many miles does a flying machine cover in travelling from the earth to the sun?"

"Say, Kid! Did I tell you about that black hat I saw? It is certainly swell."

"Well, let's see, what problem was I working on? O yes! a flying machine travels sixty miles in one hour and—O say! I am so glad that those horrid hobble skirts are going out of date. No. Of course you don't have to wear them, but who wants to be out of style?"

"O, you aren't going! I wish you would stay longer, but I expect you are tired. I am. It always gives me the headache to study a whole evening like this. Well Goodnight!"

And they go to school the next morning and tell the other girls how awfully hard they studied.

JEAN JOHNS, '11



Say, can you tell, where F. A. L.  
Gets words of such size?,  
For what she means in English themes  
We Seniors can't surmise.

## A Story



WID you ever write History notes? This is the dreamiest subject I ever studied. I had to write twenty pages of history notes from Dante's Divine Commedia in order to get just one credit. One May evening when every one else was playing ball, I was winding my weary way toward the library. Upon arriving at my destination I found no one there except the librarian. Without any delay, I began my task. I had read about the travels of Dante and his friend Virgil through Purgatory and had just begun reading of their travels in Hades when, overcome with exhaustion from the ravages of that dreadful disease Spring Fever, I fell asleep. The vision I had that I shall never forget. It was as follows:—

Dante and I had just passed through the gates of Hades. There was an awful sight. On all sides could be seen large fires being replenished by fanged demons. Souls could be seen writhing in their last agonies while others were begging for mercy—but receiving none.

We passed on, through scenes like this, for a long time. Finally we came to a huge iron door which opened and closed, and we were in a large room where the heat was intense. There, in a row, stretching as far as the eye could see, were bulging sacks, suspended from the ceiling. I gazed in wonder at this scene. "Dante," said I, "What are in those sacks?"

"I suppose you could guess what," he replied, "those are Freshmen who are too green to burn."

EARL LUDWIG, '12



You know R. K. that country jay,  
Who loves the freshmen maids;  
But when he tries, his goo-goo eyes,  
They say, "For us no jades!"

## A PROPHECY

BERNE, SWITZERLAND, June 14, 1921.



DEAR DIARY, The boon friend of my travels, as I con your pages this evening, my thoughts fly back to the long ago when I was a wondering girl studying my big geograbhy and hoping that some day I might see the world, especially those places famed in song and story. At last some of my dreams have been realized, for even now I can view from my window the picturesque and famed mountains of Switzerland.

I cannot explain why thoughts of home and friends clamor for audience tonight but my mind seems continually to revert to Tipton, Ind., U. S. A., and especially to the faculty of our dear old high school during my last year there.

It seems strange that in my wanderings I should have met every member of the faculty except two, our beloved Patterson, and Miss Bennett. The home papers however told me long ago that Mr. Patterson had settled down on a plantation in the south where he was peacefully leading the "Simple Life."

With your help, dear diary, I am able to recall the places where I met all my other high school teachers. I find on page forty, that while on a crowded thoroughfare in Boston, the famed historic center of culture, I met Miss Towne, or as she proudly informed me Mrs. J. Ross Parks. Her husband I learned was pastor of an aristocratic church of the city. She, however, was just the same sweet little woman I had always known her to be. Her city life had not changed her, it seemed. She was able to inform me of Miss Bennett, who had attained her ambition and had become a latin teacher in some large school of the West. Some day I expect to hear of her being married and living a contented life on a ranch.

By again turning the leaves of my diary, I find account of my meeting with our former principal. One May morning as I was roaming among the grand old trees on the campus at Harvard University I met Professor Dodds and he informed me that he has the honor of being a member of the faculty of that great institution. I cannot say that I was at all surprised to learn of his good fortune for every one in Tipton used to predict a bright future for him.

And my diary tells me that months later when weary and homesick, my footsteps led me into that part of the city of London, where towering spires bespoke the temples of God, I was destined to meet another teacher. I entered the cathedral to the familiar strains of the "Messiah" and seated myself in a pew reserved for strangers. Lost in retrospection I became oblivious to my surroundings until a familiar form stepped forward and began to direct the splendid choir. I mentally queried, "where have I seen that face?" In a flash it came back to me. Mr. Deetz, my scieence and music teacher of the long ago. He had, in-

deed, become a wonderful instructor and after the service I carried away with me the sweet memory of the music I had heard in the peaceful dimness of that sacred place.

Looking at my next date, I find a lapse of several years, then the name Scotten. Of course I have not forgotten—She was our English teacher. Who would have thought that she would eventually become an artist? Still, I can remember of her once making a sketch in water colors for a calendar. What wonderful changes Time can accomplish!

I have been able, with your help, dear diary, to account for all the members of my high school faculty and I now sit dreaming of the beautiful days of youth, gone forever.

FLORENCE LEWIS, '11





## Their Mistakes



It was on an east-bound train that he saw her. They were passing through one of the most beautiful parts of the west and he had been feasting his eyes on the scenery, but now he could look out of the window no longer, for opposite she sat.

She was a slender little creature, clad in a dress of blue. Her hair was light and was drawn back loosely over her temples and as she glanced at him he saw that her eyes were brown.

His eyes persisted in wandereing towards her, and as he studied her his imagination got the best of him and thus ran his reverie:—

"How beautiful she is and such quaint ways about her. No doubt she lives in some old fashioned New England village and teaches school," and he almost saw her standing before a group of children.

"Perhaps she is an only child, her mother a widow, and she her only support" and his mind wandered a shady village street to a small, neat little cottage. "Ah! here she lives with her white haired mother" His eyes sparkled as he seemed to see her wandering down a path about sunset with her hat in her hand and then the tender greetings of mother and daughter. "Some day she may greet me at the gate among the flowers and may look up at me with those great brown eyes. Then we would wander down the path together and would be O! so happy" he mused.

Meanwhile she had carelessly studied his pale face with stern mouth and almost pathetic eyes and was likewise having a reverie:—

"A country preacher, without doubt, going somewhere to preach a sermon. My! his coat is shiny. I'll bet it's all he can do to make a living for his family. How hungry he looks. I'll bet he hasn't had a square meal for many a day. Well, see him stare. If I was his wife, I wouldn't want him staring at every pretty girl he met," and she dropped her eyes and began again to read her book.

If she had only known: He was a world-famed electrical engineer and was not the timid minister she thought him. If he had only guessed. She was not the quaint little school mistress of his reverie, but a noted figure in the world of vaudeville and his school companion of long ago.

RUTH McCONKEY, '11.

## "A Harmony In Two Flats"



ACK HARMON had left his office after a busy day's work, tired—yes, and decidedly out of sorts, too, with himself and with the world in general. And now, as he sat in the den of his suite, smoking as placidly as he could, considering his mood, the review of the day's events produced no agreeable feeling. Temple had not done the right thing in that case,—but mabe he himself would have done no better. The fellow could have given him a more decent showing, though.—The fire was burning low—guessed he'd start a "blazer." And he threw his pipe down on the table and poked the fire viciously.

The light from the grate cast a ruddy glow over the oriental hangings of the den, even back into the cozy corner. And, as he discontentedly threw himself into the great leather chair again—why was such a thing in a fellow's apartments, anyway, especially when that fellow had no one to put in a cozy corner? (Nothing like a smoke when a fellow's in such a horrid state of mind.) So with that he re-filled and re-lighted his pipe, and leaning back in his chair, he could not help wondering, with the teasing little corner in plain view, why he was a bachelor anyway.

Say, who could the vision of ermine and blue have been? It fluttered by, just as he turned into his elevator, and went on to elevator fourteen. She must be in the very next flat. He wondered if she was—H'm, what was the use of getting worried, now? He was a bachelor and always would be; he would have that cozy corner taken out in the morning, or have a mighty fine reason for not doing so. Well that settled it.

Guessed he'd start the phonograph—might as well. "Dreaming" on, so let her go, and back to his chair. As the last strains died away, to his astonishment, there floated into the room (surely from the adjoining flat) the old, yet ever new, "Someone." It's the vision! He knew it was. Well, guessed he'd better "keep it up." So on went "Kiss me." Impatiently he waited, until it was finished, to hear her reply—for he was snre it was the vision. Wonder if she had seen him? After a brief interval "When Eyes Like Yours Look into Eyes Like Mine." Hurriedly he searched for an appropriate reply. She had seen him—good! Well, where was that other record anyway? Oh, here was a good one. "Some of These Days" from the next flat. Pretty good! Well, here was an old one but what was the difference—"Cuddle up a Little Closer," and the voice from the next flat answered "When the Moon Plays Peek-a-Boo." Guess he'd try one more—by this time the vision seemed almost real. Couldn't express it better if he tried for a year, so here goes—"Love Me and the World is Mine," followed by "Are You Sincere?" from the adjoining flat.

Oh! it surely must be true—Yes it was the vision (but she was a dream now.) And after making a garbage pile of the record case, with a smile of triumph, he put on "Gretchen, Madchen Mein."

No one witnessed their meeting in the lower hall the next morning and of



The Faculty says:

"Learn to sing your Country's Songs", hence fifteen  
minutes chapel each day devoted to singing.

## HIGH SCHOOLS

- 1- Thou shalt not play hockey.
- 2- Thou shalt not deface the seats with thy feet.
- 3- Thou shalt not throw missiles lest thy brother do likewise.
- 4- Thou shalt not expectorate upon the High School floor.
- 5- Thou shalt not seduce thy H.S. brother's girl neither his pony, or necktie, or socks.
- 6- Thou shalt not take thy class name in vain for he will flunk thee.
- 7- Thou shalt not smoke in the H.S. halls for verily I say unto you that it doth destroy

Authorised by Robert P. Smith, T.H.S. 190

## COMMANDMENTS

- the odor of the Chemistry Lab.
- 1- Thou shalt labor five days, but the sixth and seventh days are holidays in which thou shalt not work, nor thy girl, nor thy pony, nor any friend that desireth to borrow thy pony.
  - 2- Thou shalt curse the School Board, waylay the Faculty, so that thy days may be long in High School.
  - 3- Thou shalt not show thy gum, clean thy teeth, nor manœuvre thy nails, neither in the Assembly nor in the Class Room.

Drawn by Paul Edwards, T.H.S. 190

course it is needless to say that the cozy corner remained in its same old place—but to Jack Harmon the vision is now a reality.

RUTH ANDERSON, '11.

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## “When We Wandered Down the Lane In----.”

The Smith family, as was their custom, had gathered about the fire-side after supper. Mr. Smith being very fond of music, requested his better half to sing something.

“Well, what shall I sing?” asked his wife.

“Oh, sing—well, let me see—sing “When we Wandered Down the Lane in the Twilight,” just as you used to sing it.”

Mrs. Smith took her place at the piano and, in a low sweet voice, began “When we wandered down the lane in—” Robert, stop scratching the piano with that pin. Now—“When we wandered down the lane in—” Hattie, for heaven's sake quit thumping on that key: You know mamma can't play when you are doing that.”

Bravely she tried again, “When we wand—”

“Say ma, kin I have another cookie?”

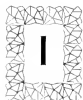
“O yes, just as soon as I sing this song your papa loves to hear so well,” she replied. “When we wandered down the lane in the twilight—.” Just then a sound like a saw going through a hard knot, caused her to glance around. Her husband, Harry, had fallen asleep.

“Harry,” she said, shaking him, “Didn't you like the song?”

“Huh! What is it?—er—yes—es—O yes, it was beautiful—very beautiful,” he answered, then turned over and again fell asleep.

MABEL SHOWERS, '11

## A Half-hour With A Hotel Clerk



have a friend who is a clerk in a small hotel and one day last week I stepped in to spend a few minutes with him. It was not a very busy time of the day yet there were a few people coming and going.

Just after we had exchanged greetings, a traveling man came rushing in and inquired: "What time does that limited car leave for Kokomo?"

"Eight-thirty."

"Will I have time to see a customer and catch the car at the junction?"

"That depends upon the nature of your visit, but I think that you will, if you hasten."

Just at that moment a gentleman came from the writing room and asked for some stationary. "When do they get mail out of here for Indianapolis?" he asked.

"It must be in the Post Office not later than seven o'clock," my friend replied.

"Is that the last mail to-night?"

"Yes, sir."

As he went back to the writing room he muttered something about "this town" being the worst town he knew of, for mail accommodations.

The next inquiry came from a man who was evidently a stranger: "Say, young man, wasn't there an interurban wreck near here last fall?"

"Yes, sir, just outside of town."

"What was the cause of it?"

"Failure of the freight crew to obey orders. They tried to get past a certain switch and in rounding a curve ran into the passenger car."

"How many people were killed?"

"Six."

"I suppose that they have everything settled by this time?"

"I don't know."

And a further conversation upon that topic was interrupted by a man who came to the counter for a cigar. "I want something mild," he said.

"Five or ten cents?"

"I never smoke anything less than a ten-cent cigar. What is that over in the corner?"

"That is a 'Senator Beveridge,' one of our best sellers."

"I don't know the brand but they look good enough to try once, anyway. Are they three for a quarter?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, give me two more."

While the cigar sale was being made the proprietor came in and at the first opportunity asked: "Did the man in twenty-four get away all right?"

"Why, I don't know. Where did he want to go?"

"He wanted to go on the Lake Erie to Frankfort. I told him that we would call him when the cab came. Has it been here?"

"Yes, sir, ten minutes ago."

"Well the only thing for him to do now is to catch the interurban car for the junction and if it is on time he can make connections all right."

With that the proprietor went up stairs to straighten up matters with the occupant of twenty-four. A few uncomplimentary remarks were exchanged but at last the gentleman left and, when last seen, was hastening toward the car.

After all had again become quiet, a man in the corner, whose very appearance stamped him as a "kicker," broke the silence by asking what was "the best hotel in Frankfort."

"I am not able to answer your question," my friend told him, "the Coulter and the Garber houses are both considered first-class hotels and I do not question the matter at all."

The "kicker" satisfied his grouch by turning to a man at his side and complaining about hotels in general and pointing out some of the weaknesses of certain places he had honored by his patronage.

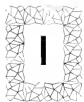
My friend called my attention to a group in the other corner. There was the proprietor, discussing with two "drummers" the question of local option or saloons.

"Why," he said, "when the applications began to be made, one fellow came to me and asked if there was any objection to his running a nice, quiet place in the building adjoining the hotel. 'Nice, quiet place,' I asked him, 'whoever heard of a saloon being a nice quiet place?'"

This remark brought on a good deal of laughter and I found that it was time for me to go. As I was going, the clerk asked me to come back some time when they were busy and see how they did things.

I came to the conclusion that a hotel man must know, or at least is supposed to know everything and be able to tell it quickly.

## The Treasure



**I**T was the last evening of the old year and I seemed to have fallen into a stupor. Just as the clock struck twelve, I heard a voice. It said, "There is much work to be done by you during the new year. If you labor diligently and earnestly for a few short months you will be awarded a great treasure. Do your best and don't give up." When the voice had died away I realized that it was the forerunner of the new year, that had been speaking to me.

I arose with a start but could hear nothing save the voices of the multitude welcoming the glad New Year. I determined to try my best to win the treasure—what could it be? For many days and weeks I labored earnestly, but finding no encouragement upon reaching home, I was almost ready to quit trying.

Then one evening in May, when I was especially down—hearted, I saw, on entering my home, a square package lying on the stand. I opened it and quickly realized that I had actually won the treasure.—It was the "Tiptonian" of nineteen eleven.

LUCILE NICKEY, '13



There is A. Mac., an Irish quack,  
A holy joke I guess;  
He wears a smile, in length a mile,  
His face is one bum mess.



## Sophomore Themes

In eleven homes were eleven heads,  
Longing to fly to eleven beds;  
But eleven beds must be empty, it seems,  
For 'leven poor "Sophs" were to write 'leven themes.

But eleven brains were stupid and dumb,  
For of all their ideas not a bright one would come;  
They tho't and they tho't but could't see why  
Themes were ever invented to make "Sophies" cry.

With an hour's meditation, their eyes were closed fast,  
And all tho't of school-work had vanished at last.  
While they were in dreamland, 'leven elves did appear  
With neat written waper, for each "Sophie" dear

And then in their dreams did Miss Scotten smile,  
And tell them so sweetly, "Ah, these are worth while,"  
And then their report cards unto them were given,  
And all their "A's" to them looked like Heaven.

But then when they suddenly opened their eyes,  
Their themes were unwritten, to their great surprise  
And on their report cards, 'leven "F's" did they see  
And they all flunked in English, O, me! and O, me!

WILL J. ZEHNER, '13



Also J. J., who makes you pay  
Attentions to her charms;  
But what's so sad, for 'tis too bad,  
She's only for Peck's arms.

# THE TERM EXAMS' 'LL GET YOU

(apologies to James W. Riley)

Cute Mr. Deetz has come to our school to stay,  
To teach the kids scientifically and many another way,  
And grade note-books with bright, red ink and tear up plants and sing;  
And bust test-tubes and scare us all with many such strange things  
An' all us kids jist sit and stare, an' wonder what he means,  
An' pay the closest 'tention at what he tells about,  
    'Cause we're 'feared the "Terms" 'll git us  
    If we don't watch out.

Onc't there was a Senior boy, touched a burning match:  
To a pure white candle, 'till the flame did catch;  
He held it over Leonard's head and let the hot juice drop;  
It fell on Hydge's hair, methinks, and stung his light-hued top,  
And then there was a scuffle 'twixt Floyd Mayne and Leonard Pence.  
But Mr. Deetz appeared before they hardly had commenced  
    And said the "Terms" 'u'd git 'em  
    If they could'nt be gents.

Onc't there was a Senior girl, 'u'd allus cry and weep,  
An' pout around at everything and bother us a heap;  
An' onc't when we were hunting up a great big bunch of stuff,  
She bothered us an' taunted us 'till we jist had enough;  
So we all started in to make a lot of sickly gas  
And "Chlorine" was the word passed 'round to every boy in class;  
She couldn't stand the oder an' so she quickly went:  
    We said the "Terms" 'u'd git her  
    An' she knew jist what we meant.

Now nice Mr. Deetz, when the days are long,  
And the rain falls hard and our Math's all wrong,  
And you feel the paper wads and the kids are mean  
And you whisper 'cross the aisle an' the notes pass between  
You better watch the teacher on the rostrum up in front  
Or git to work and study, like you's on a fearful hunt  
For the knowledge in the text-books that's a-layin' all about,  
    Or the "Term Exams" 'll git you,  
    If you don't watch out.

## Selling Shoes to Young Ladies



GOOD morning, Miss Jones. What can I do for you this morning?"

"I should like to look at a pair of shoes. I am not sure just what I want and am rather hard to suit."

"You wish to see something in the way of a dress shoe? About what size? Oh, yes about a two and a half "B." All right, here is something that I am sure will suit you. It is one of our latest lasts—something new, dressy, and at the same time neat. Oh! you don't like the toe. All right, take a look at this one. It is one of the best shoes we have ever sold and for only three and a half. Try it on. With its short vamp, it makes a very neat appearance on ones foot."

I tried to get the shoe on her foot, but after many trials gave it up and said:

"Are you sure it isn't a "D" width instead of a "B"?" She answered that she might possibly have been mistaken in the width but that she never wore over a two and a half. So I tried a four "D" in a three and a half dollar shoe.

I found that it fit perfectly but she didn't seem to think so and to every three and a half dollar shoe there was some objection or other.

I next tried on a three dollar and finally a two and a half dollar shoe. Ah! there was an exact fit, and I wondered why it is that a cheap shoe always fits so much better than an expensive one. But it would never have done to have conjectured on what was passing through the secret recesses of the young lady's mind for she was probably figuring up what she would have left after subtracting car fare.

After thanking her for her patronage and telling her to come again, I recorded the sale, with many blessings for the man who started the secret size code.

BERL G. GRAHAM, '11



## The Blue and the Gray



Sweet Alphie Gray one winter's day,  
Came trudging in to school,  
He knew not of, the late resolve  
The quarantine's harsh rule,  
To children keep, from off the street  
Lest cops 'u' d pull 'em in,  
Because they broke, just for a joke  
The city's quarantine.

With manner smart, did Alphie start,  
To pass a blue-clad man,  
The cop looked down, with one dark frown,  
Said, "Sonny I command,  
Just tell me why, you happen by  
On days you're not 'lowed out:  
For boys your size, you must re'lize,  
Are safer in than out."



Then Alphie white, with horrid fright,  
Tore off his overcoat;  
He dropped his books, shot fearful looks,  
And ran for streets remote.  
He so much tho't, he would be caught  
And sure be placed in jail,  
And could not then, get home again  
To tell the woeful tale.

Poor Alphie had, in flight so mad,  
Not watched his wild goose chase;  
So when he found by looking 'round,  
He'd reached a deathly place,  
For tombstones bright, showed big and white  
Before sweet Alphie's eyes,  
He gazed in doubt, at all about;  
Turned home with frightened sighs.



## A Soliloquy

Time,—Saturday of first week of school.

Place,—Woodyard of a country home.

Setting,—Johnnie, seated on a block of wood and leaning against the woodshed wall.

"Say haint that 'ere High School just simply awful! I never seen such lessons—five pages o' that 'ere Latin stuff for one day! An' them 'ere sports aint got no sense. Jist go round wearin' stiff collars and green neckties, an' aint got no time for nothin'. An' them 'ere teachers is worser yet. They goes round with their fine clothes on an' takes things mighty easy. Never yet seen any one o' 'em workin'! Ho! Ho! Ho! !! Haint them girls queer! can't do nothin' but sit an, stare at a feller. I thought they'd look half a' inch of my face off first day. 'Eres one particklerly what I wish didn't go ter school, 'tall. Sets right 'cross the aisle from me, 'an don't do nothin' but jes' set an' stare at me. Seems to have that 'ere fool noshun most high school girls has,—havin' a beau—an' takes the first feller as comes along. Have half a noshun ter quit goin' to school but pa says I've started, an' haff to finish this year anyhow. Reckon I'll have to. Huh! there's pa now callin' me to load hay.

### SCENE II.

Time—nine months later.

Setting—John, same place and position, only leaning forward, with elbows on knees.

"Wonder how long it'll take me to saw up this 'ere wood. Two weeks, maybe.—No twon't neither, it'll take two months at least, I'll bet. Plague this old wood pile. I'd lot ruther go to school, an' play th' little fool a' lookin' at the girl acrss the aisle.

ALLEN R. JOHNSON, '12.

Oh Allen I. has manner sly,  
Old Elwood is his town;  
For over there's a maiden fair,  
To whom poor Allen's bound.

# Herr Dotz and the Deutch

[Illustrated by Paul Barr]

Herr Dotz to Germany would go,  
For there his moneys he could blow,  
And learn a lot of Deutschman's vays,  
So he could High School Kids amaze  
With great and wondrous stories.



He rose from bed one early morn,  
Almost before the day was born:  
He chuckled o'er his long planned trip  
To Germany by train and ship,  
For now he sure was going.

He soon did reach an eastern town  
And met some Deutschmen, homeward bound,  
Who liked Herr Dotz so very much,  
They chaged their date of sailing such  
Dat dey might go togeder.



So on der ship he soon did went,  
You see!—to Europe he was bent,  
But stormy weather then dit come,  
Which made Herr Dotz feel mighty bum,  
And so he fed the fishes.

Dotz tho't he did so young appear,  
He'd better change his face for fear,  
Lest he might to the orphans home,  
Be taken without ceremone,  
Und so he grew a mustache.

Now Dotz was ready for the Dutch,  
As soon his feet their soil dit touch,  
Enthusiasm filled his breast  
He now could put his Deutsch to test  
Und learn some Deutschen stories.





He schpent his moneys left and right,  
Herr Dotz, the sport' just out of sight.  
He schtopped at gardens, great and fine,  
Along both banks the river Rhine,  
Und had a bully time.

But back he came through Paris gay,  
Whereat he made quite short his stay;  
Then o'er to smoky London town,  
John Bull's great city of renown,  
Und den he schtarted home.



Herr Dotz arrived a little late,  
To schtart the school on scheduled date,  
But we all waited his return,  
So glad, so glad were we to learn  
Our Dodds was back again-

HARRY H. HERRON, '11

In a cottage by the stone pits  
Sat the care worn Silas Marner;  
Close beside him by the fire place  
Played the artful baby Eppie,  
She the sunshine of the household,  
She the pride of his affections,  
She who led his blighted spirit  
Back to faith in God and mortals

Selected from *Silas Marner*.

DORA DOVERSBERGER, '13.

## The Reason.

One afternoon at one fifteen,  
Not one 'Freshie', could be seen,  
"Something's wrong," Miss Bennett said,  
And Dodds would only shake his head,  
When one proud Soph'more passing by  
Stopped to hear Miss Bennett sigh,  
And up he spake to his dear aunt,  
"They're all gone down to the Rembrandt."

BESSIE TRANBARGER, '13.

O Helen B., so short is she,  
She's sure the senior's baby.  
But she now hopes, by chocolate dopes,  
To grow big someday, "maybe."



## Our Faculty



THE members of the Tipton High School Faculty are exceedingly high in some of their ideals—or at least that is what the students think. The following is a somewhat mingled summary of their various traits, peculiarities, and idiosyncrasies.

Charles F. Patterson is our automatic historical machine. He was forty-six years old last June and retains all his faculties to a marked degree, remembering distinctly all the important events since the discovery of America. He tells many jokes and talks most entertainingly of once walking home from Mobile, Alabama. He has shaken hands with Bryan twice and says, now that he has lived to see the Democrats fighting among themselves, he is ready and willing to pass to the great beyond.

Every now and then we meet a fellow in some honorable walk in life who has once visited Europe, and Professor Garnet Gail Dodds is one of the examples. Although quite young he is a linguist and speaks German in some five or six different languages. He became famous by carrying the yellow clarinet for the City Band, which played on the slightest provocation. He is a student of the drama also, and hasn't missed but one film on "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the last seven years.

Clarence E. Deetz was born at Devil's Knob, Inferno County, Wisconsin, sometime between the Civil and Spanish-American Wars. He got his early education in a printing office. But there was not enough sitting in the type-setting, so after taking a complete course in broom-making, he wandered to Tipton, Indiana, where he accepted a position as school teacher. He is a scientist of no mean size. He loves work but sends the Chemistry students on errands. He has a fine voice and is a great favorite with the girls. During the evening he reads a little astronomy, and at vacation time hangs wall paper or goes to Chicago.

Miss Elinor K. Towne is an earnest, conscientious teacher and is highly respected by all who come under her instruction. Little is known of her early life but authorities say she received a liberal log school education. When quite young she took up the study of Latin and still, without the aid of spectacles, enjoys reading its dead volumes. She has been with the high school here ever since it was first thought of, and is liked by everyone on account of her loving disposition,—that is, she loves ponies and promotes the exercise of walking by annually collecting them. She keeps an eagle eye on every man and flunks all in department.

Miss Maude Bennett teaches mathematics, not for her health but for exercise, although the exercise is, for the most part, limited to facial expressions. She is a diligent teacher, sometimes killing half the recitation period, thinking how to save time on a simple problem in addition. She buys gum at the cigar store and when travelling registers from New York, although she has lived in the country all her life. She is quite economical and trims her own hats.

Miss Gretchen Scotten is a clever recitationist. She also shows marked literary ability—having written a number of recipes which were published in the daily newspapers. She gets her dramatic ability honestly, as her great grandfather, away back in Germany, cut paper for one of the early printing presses and later wrote some bagpipe music. She says she remembers distinctly, as some of the notes were as big as her fist. She reads Old English, and at the end of each week goes to her home in Indianapolis to see her Mamma and Papa.

With apologies to all,

PAUL E. BARR, '11.

### STUNG

Her people thought, and so did mine  
We were well suited, she and I.  
But contrary to our fair design,  
She knocked our pretty plans sky high.

She would not tho' I coaxed and teased  
And begged of her my bride to be,  
Said she would marry whom she pleased,  
But—goodness knows!—she pleases me.

THOMAS ROBINSON, '12

## "A Dream"



LAST night I was up rather late studying. I was getting my Chemistry lesson and was reading something about pyrophosphoric acid, and this morning I am very, very sleepy. I am again studying my Chemistry lesson—acids once more—something about a land of dreams—more acid—and, now I am an angel, and am floating over the city of Tipton. It is night and I am so far above the city that I can scarcely see the lights that are kept burning to show the lonely and weary traveller his homeward way.

Let me see where I am. What is that dark spot over there? It looks like a large forest with a castle in the center. Oh, now I see. How quickly we all forget those places which were once so dear to us. It is the old high school building, to be sure. I know what I will do, I will rest here a while, before I continue my journey to—to that Promised Land and take a last, long, lingering look at the place we all held so dear.

Here is the belfry in which hung the old bell, whose tones have more than once awakened us from our midnight dreams, all because some mischievous Freshman dared to brave the danger of meeting a goblin, an owl, or some more harmful creature, long enough to creep stealthily up the stairs and pull the old bell rope.

What was that I bumped into? Ah, it is the old stairway which will long be remembered by all, but especially by four boys of the class of '07 who probably have a faint remembrance of the reception from the janitor and his trusty pistol on that dark night. This stairway is, without doubt, also remembered by a certain Senior who now holds the honorable position of President of his class. I am sure that no acrobat in Barnum's circus ever turned more handsprings in the same length of time and of space than he was guilty of the day he broke the world's record for falling down stairs.

Let us now go into this room. What is that letter over the door? "C" that must be room "C"—we all know that and how clearly I recall those "before school" chats we had here, and also the "callings" we received from a certain mathematics teacher and I especially remember the time when I asked my nearest neighbor what the lesson was, after we had seated ourselves in the recitation room.

What is that over there in the corner?—oh, just a cobweb—no—that is not all. It is a little red book, covered with dust—Guess I'll see what it is. Well, it says

"A. E. Highly, Report book 1B and 1A." Well, such grades 'First month F, F.F, C F.' Oh, that's enough; I suppose they're all like that. What is this piece of paper? It is a letter:

"Tipton, Ind., Nov. 4, '07

MR. HIGHLEY—

Dear Sir:—

I am sick and cannot be at school this morning but will send this note by Miss Morgan. I hear the Freshmen have all "flunked" in Algebra. Be easy on them and give them another.

Yours Respectfully,

C. F. P."

Well, what d' 'ou think o' that!

But, what's that I hear? Buz—buz—buz—buz Well it's that bell and I've been sleeping and hav'n't got my Chemistry lesson.

RAY GLENN, '11.

Now then we'll tell of our Carl L.,  
Our William Jennings Bryan;  
He sure can talk and ne'er will balk  
Altho' the task's quite tryin'.

## Ein Spass

Me an' Barr an' Dorothy Bell  
Knows a joke an' we won't tell!  
No we won't cause we don't know  
Why we got to laughin' so;  
But we got to laughin' so;  
We 'ist kep' a laughin'.

Wind wuz blowin' in the trees:—  
They wuz only 'ist us three,  
Me an' Dorothy Bell and Barr.  
We ketched each other like we done,  
Squintin' up there at the sun,  
Like we wuz a laughin'.

Nothin' funny anyway,  
But I laughed and so did they;  
We all three 'ist laughed, an' nen  
Squint our eyes an' laugh again;  
Ner we didn't 'ist p'ten—  
We wuz shore—nough laughin'.

We 'ist laugh an' laugh; tel Barr  
Say he can't quit an' it hurt.  
'N'en I howl, an' Dorothy Bell  
She tear up the grass a spell  
An' 'ist stop her yeers an' yell,  
Like she'd die a—laughin'.

Never sich fool youngsters yit!  
Nothin' funny—not a bit!  
But we laughed so tel we whooped  
Put nigh like we had the croup.  
All so hoarse we'd wheeze an' whoop,  
An' 'ist choke a—laughin'.

# The Ancestors of the Hurons

(After the style of the DeCoverly Papers)

I got most of my knowledge concerning the ancestors of the Hurons, during a visit made last fall. My friend, Esther, knowing that I was of a quiet nature, left me to myself.

After getting our lessons, we retired at the awful hour of twelve. I was so sleepy that I felt sure I could sleep till noon the next day; however when the clock struck three, I awoke, this being my usual hour of rising, for between three and school time, I always prepare my English lesson. As I could not return to my slumbers, and did not wish to disturb Esther, I quietly arose and dressed, then sought the drawing room.

I did not have my "DeCoverly Papers" with me, so I had to amuse myself in some way. I have always had the reputation of being of a very inquiring mind, and, seeing a corner of the room that looked quite interesting, I approached it and drew back the curtains. They concealed, as I then learned, the portraits of the Hurons. They were arranged in order from an ancient ancestor down to the present generation.

I began by carefully inspecting the first of the series of portraits and lo! to my great astonishment, it was the likeness of a full-blooded Huron Indian, and by his side was a white woman, his wife. The next few did not interest me but I noticed that they gradually assumed the features of the whites, and their faces came to look more intelligent. The next that interested me was the portrait of a handsome young man dressed in the style of the Revolutionary days. Under the picture it told of his narrow escape from death in the war, and you can't guess the reason—It was because he took the fever just the day before he had intended to enlist. It was at this time that I realized that the name "Huron" came from the ancient ancestor, the Huron Indian. Usually people of Indian decent are lazy but not so with the present Hurons, with the exception of Esther, who is rather slow in learning. The last picture was that of Esther and her younger brother. She looked so sweet that I gazed at it, spell bound until Esther herself entered the room, in a search for me.

She had arisen at ten o'clock and I did not realize that I had been amidst her ancestors for six hours. She told me to hurry or we would not get to school in time for the third period. She invited me back and when I revisit her she is going to give me a full history of her ancestors. She seems to be quite proud of the fact that her great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, grandfather was a Huron Indian.

(with apologies to Esther)

NINA B. SMITH, '13

## The Yellow Shamrock.

There was a man named Garnet Dodds  
Whose taste was very bad,  
He wore a yellow shamrock once  
Which made his friends all sad.

He wore it on St. Patrick's day'  
Right in the 'sembly room  
It was a gift from a lady gay  
He'd just received that noon.

To see so promising a lad,  
So calmly waste his thought  
On girls and friv'lous things—too bad!  
He'll surely come to nau

He tried right hard to keep it still,  
But we all knew his tricks,  
And Patterson did speak till Dodds  
Was in a pretty fix.

He was so terribly much fussed,  
He paced along the hall;  
When he came back his hair was mussed  
He blushed like school-boy small.

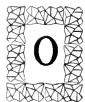
The classes cheered and clapped their hands  
It really was great fun:  
He never will do it again  
But this time it was done.

HUGH SHOOK,

'12

Dorothy Bell.

## The Great Tournament



ON September the fifth, in the year nineteen hundred ten, a great crowd of people gathered at a large building in Tipton, where it was to be decided who should enter the lists of a great tournament, which was sure to come. Six captains or judges were at the head of affairs and were to decide which persons were eligible for the tournament. Some of these captains had held the same positions in the place before, but two of them were strange and were gazed upon with a great deal of curiosity.

It might here be mentioned that some people who had gathered at this building had tried their luck in the tournament in former years and others had been permitted to watch the fun. Then there was still another class, composed of persons who had come to the great building for the first time.

A small man, who seemed to be the leading judge of the six, considered it his duty to explain to the newcomers some of the laws used to decide who the contestants in the great tournament should be.

By way of introduction he explained that the laws would be about the same as those used in former years. They were as follows:—first, those who wished to enter the lists could do so by making an insufficient grade in deportment; second, that day after day, questions would be asked each of the persons and if these questions were unsatisfactorily answered by any person, that person would be eligible to enter the lists; third, that at the end of the month a series of questions would be asked each person and if he or she should fail to answer a certain per cent of these questions, then that person would be eligible. Other minor laws were mentioned but the above were the greatest. It is needless to say that every person wished to escape being a contestant in the tournament but many wanted to "see the other fellow fight."

At the end of each month small cards were passed about showing the recipient whether he could enter the lists. It had previously been explained that the appearance of a small "F" on any part of the card signified that the bearer was eligible to combat in the coming tournament.

The time for this great event was growing nigh and the names of those eligible were given out. Then, to the astonishment of all, the leading judge announced that each contestant would be allowed one weapon and a regiment of soldiers. The weapon could be either a pen or pencil and the soldiers were to be thoughts. The contestants were to meet the following opposing champions:—History, Science, English, Mathematics, and Latin. The contests with the above generals were to be held in the court-yards of the judges and they were to decide who the victorious ones were.

The day for the tournaments arrived and the contestants came in great numbers. In the earlier part of the conflict many were overcome but the opposing generals grew weaker and a large number were victorious and left the field with



high honors. The most striking fact concerning the great tournament was that all cavalry men were easily overthrown by the venerable general Latin and only the foot—soldiers were able to overcome him. Of course those contestants who were victorious were not only able generals but they had many brilliantly—arrayed and well drilled soldiers.

After the tournament it was announced that these great contests would follow each year so long as there were persons brave enough to fight these old and well known generals.

HERMAN R. HOSIER, '12

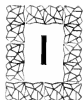
## Some of These Days

Pupils will be brighter  
Some of these days;  
Teachers will be wiser  
Some of these days,  
Pens will flow with honey;  
Books will grow with money;  
O won't it be funny  
Some of these days?

There'll be no flunking  
Some of these days;  
All will go a' hunting  
Some of these days;  
Study will be folly,  
Off with her trolley;  
O won't it be jolly,  
Some of these days?

HUGH SHOOK, '12

## The Juniors



IN the year 1608 the French settled Quebec, in 1808 the importation of slaves was forbidden to our free country and in 1908 the renowned class of 1912 first entered the portals of T. H. S. Ah, yes we were Freshmen then but only in name, for judging by our actions we might have been mistaken for Seniors. 'Twas only two weeks from the time that we set our foot into the building till we had a corpse of officers, motto and the best colors that ever graced a pennant. Green and white! What do they stand for? You may say green for valor and white for purity. This is true but this is not what our colors really symbolize. In them lies a deeper meaning, a greater significance. Better than valor, better than purity, the green and white stand for 1912. We do not mean to boast; far from it! But it is our duty to tell the truth.

In regard to stirring deeds our Freshman year was uneventful. We were daily improving ourselves by copying the good qualities from upper classes and preparing ourselves for the higher, nobler things to come. All went smoothly until we came into collision with the term exams. Most of us survived the conflict but the next year showed gaps in our ranks.

After the usual opening of school the fact suddenly dawned upon us that we were no longer Freshmen but Sophomores and sad to say we behaved accordingly. We slipped lightly over our Sophomore year for we are nothing but human.

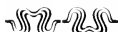
But one quiet, sunny morning a great rumble, as of thunder, was heard in the distance. It came nearer and nearer, grew louder and louder till with a roar and rush our old enemies, the term exams, were upon us. In terror we fled to our fortress, the assembly room and began to fortify our defences by sharpening pencils and wits and preparing ourselves for a hard siege. None too soon, for the enemy overcame the outposts. They had a curious mode of attack. Each one of the enemy represented by the term exam questions, ranged himself before our men and stood there on the defensive. With the cry "down with the term exams," our brave men, protected by sheets of foolscap paper, fell upon the enemy.

The strife lasted two and a half days, the men taking turn about on duty. Five great battles were fought: Battle of Latinbury, the Battle of Algebra mountain, of History ridge, of Englishville and Botanytown. At last the enemy was routed, never to return that year, but alas leaving a number of our brave men wounded and a few killed.

After three months vacation we entered the T. H. S. for the third time. Everything was changed. Those who were Sophs when we entered were now dignified

Seniors. But we—we were Juniors and Juniors in every sense of the word, and we can now say as the old prophet, "When I was a Soph, I spake as a Soph, I understood as a Soph; But when I became a Junior, I put away Sophish things." We had let our powers lie dormant long enough and we are now distinguishing ourselves in debates and this is just the budding of our powers. It seems but yesterday we were Freshmen yet in one more year we shall be Seniors. Then our glorious green and white pennants of 1912 will be known throughout the earth.

DALLICE FRANCIS, '12



H. P.'s a man of mighty hand,  
But wants none to know it  
So full is he of knowledge free,  
He just can't help but show it

## The Merchant of Venice



THE "Merchant of Venice," given by the class of '11 was enjoyed by a audience at the "Martz," Friday night, February the tenth. It was also given in the afternoon for girls of St. Joseph's Academy and we sincerely hope that all were benefited by it.

The women characters were three of the most popular girls from our Senior class—Jean Johns took the part of Portia, Helen Brown that of Nerissa and Gladys Bowlin that of Jessica. Portia and Nerissa the beautiful ladies of Belmont looked quite charming in their sixteenth century costumes of brocaded silks and magnificent picture hats.

Portia was at her best in the trial scene and showed the qualities of a great actress. How charming she did look! And O, what manly strides she did take.

Nerissa was very dainty in all her movements and actions and seemed to be quite as much at ease on the stage in her long train as in an English recitation in room "7". And then what a dear little Jewess Jessica was, so graceful and so sweet! It was really no wonder that Lorenzo wanted her for his bride.

But we must not forget the gallant gentleman of the little play. Mr. LeClerc, to whom we are greatly indebted for the success of the production, took the most difficult part of all, that of Shylock and acted the most trying portion in a manner that held the audience spell-bound.

Berl Graham, as Antonio, had such a sad countenance that one really would have thought that he had lost all of his earthly possessions.

Aloysous McEntee acted the part of Bassanio very well and was willing and anxious to do anything for Portia whom he loved very dearly.

Harry Herron was Launcelot, the fool' and how the audience did cheer him, for he did such clever tricks that the moment he entered, the tragic part of the play was entirely forgotten. Harry ought to go on the stage for he certainly showed great ability in acting his part.

Minor Bower, a member of the Sophmore class, was Lorenzo. How sweet he and Jessica looked in the last scene.

Carl Richman, as the judge had such a stern face that one would never have thought that he was only one of our good-natured school-boys.

Roy Glenn as Salerino and John D. Smith as Salanio acted their parts in a very pleasing manner. Leonard Pence as Gratiano starred in the trial scene. Oren Foster took the part of Tubal and Robert Smith took the parts of old Gobbo and Balthazar. All did their work well and certainly deserve praise.

Through the kindness of Miss Blanche Holman, the best of music was furnished and we wish to again express our appreciation of the favor.



The Masquerade scene was very pretty. In this all the girls and most of the boys took part and the soft music and the strolling of the masqueraders back and forth across the dimly lighted stage had a soothing effect for the hearers. This scene was made more interesting by two vocal numbers given by Ruth Anderson.

We feel that the play was for the most part greatly enjoyed by the audience and trust that our meager efforts were not altogether in vain.

PEARL MAYNE, '11

## To the Violets

Awake, dear sleeping violets  
Spring has come again  
Raise your happy faces.  
Cheer the paths of men

Open by the brookside,  
Down the shady lane,  
Fill the world with gladness  
For Spring has come again

DOEA DOVERSBURGER, '13

## Sir Roger and the Botanists.



HE word spread like wild fire. Twenty eight eager Botany students were fully alive to the fact that there was something doing somewhere and this knowledge gradually consolidated into the startling fact that permission had been granted for an extended Botany expedition into parts unknown. Nina Smith grew a crab apple pink with excitement and those who had classes for the third period grew a green apple green with envy for those who hadn't.

Geometry class was a joke and English class was worse. Miss Bennett looked tragic and Miss Scotten looked stern but nevertheless things didn't go just right, the boys in one corner debating on where the buns should be bought and the girls in another on who had the best deviled eggs

And then came a deep conspiracy in the hall. Some wanted to go right away and some wished to wait until after chapel. This subject was still under hot discussion when the conspirators were dispersed by a haughty look from Miss Bennett and, after a great deal of confusion in the assembly, the-get-up-and-dig faction got up and went and the others did likewise.

Those who had classes were generous and gave themselves the benefit of the doubt as to their authority for missing them, and on careful consideration for five or six seconds, decided that it seemed perfectly fitting and proper.

After a terrible moment in the hall, in which the faculty looked with unconcern on the departing Latin classes, we passed out into the open with a clear conscience and appetites for ginger snaps and the rollicking bun. After a mass meeting we dispersed and each went his way in pursuit of eatables.

On the steps at home, however, I learned that a friend of my grandmother's had just arrived with her eldest son, a certain Sir Roger de Coverlie of Coverly, Massachussetts. Sir Roger was between fifty and sixty years of age and was on his first trip abroad although he seemed to be quite well educated, upon explaining the intended trip to him, he insisted on going along as chaperon "ex officio.". Of course this was all well and proper but—well nevertheless go he must and after contributing his nickel for chocolate cookies, he was admitted as the sixteenth member of the party.

After censuring "Dixie" Rouls for purchasing a check's worth of "Kis-me" gum and noticing with horror that Stanley drank root beer instead of lemonade, he gravely changed the place of meeting from the "B" to the eastern steps of the M. E. church. This conflicted with our plans but we all respected the locks of gray in the flowing beard and did as he desired.

On the way to the rail road Roma and Noel took turns holding Enola's hand to keep Sir Roger from noticing the glittering cut rings which adorned her fingers

while Harry and "Dixie" distracted his attention by an earnest discussion of the respective merits of Aunt Trueby's tea before or after breakfast.

On carefully noting our course through an eyeglass, he insisted that Roma, Stanley and Ward arm themselves with stout clubs and walk in front as a protection against vandals. We were very, very tired when we reached the woods, so we changed the dinner hour to eleven thirty and proceeded to the hard boiled eggs which proved to be somewhat softer than we had expected. After all had feasted, we gathered up seven shoe boxfuls of crumbs and buns and fed the hungry fishes, complying with command of Sir Roger, who had heard of some such thing once before.

Botany specimens now became numerous and the rest of the afternoon was spent in gathering flowers. Roma, "Dixie" and Ward stepped, one after another, into a grass-concealed ditch in pursuit of buttercups and Nina B. got her hands dirty while heroically crossing a flood-gate for some well water to take away the taste of some spring water she had sampled. We all decided to have our Botany class next to nature in the good old "Sunday Magazine Supplement" way.

Marie Patrick gave a wonderful talk about some kind of worm that causes apple trees to leak out a lot of yellow wax and then some one else talked on a ruinous fungi that causes apple peelings to crack open and peel off of their own accord, while the rest of us hunted up our specimens in the Botany keys and Sir Roger took a nap on the shady side of a hay stack.

At about three-thirty the sun got far enough around to wake him up and then we all started home. Some one spoke of being hungry and "Dixie" shelled out three ginger snaps and an orange for Sir Roger, while the rest of us sucked our thumbs and thought about "strawberry short cake and rhubarb pie."

The next morning Enola appeared with a streak of cold cream smeared across her forehead and Stanley claimed it was a real live mosquito bite but those things soon melted away as subjects of interest arose before the stern brow of the faculty.

That was an awful morning. Dark conclave of the faculty in the hall and painful glances at the sunburned faces of the enthusiastic Botanists.

And then a wonderful thing happened. We don't know what it was and no one else does except Sir Roger and certain privileged members of the faculty but it all ended in a love feast in room 11 with Mr. Dodds as chairman and Mr. Deetz an innocent bystander. Sir Roger left the next morning with his usual solemn manner as a protection against all my inquiries.

Mr. Dodds wore a new necktie to school on Wednesday and looked very happy, so I suppose all is well, but whether the necktie had anything to do with it or not is a mystery to us all.



## The Bicycle Girl

Maud Bennett on a summer day  
Mounted her wheel and rode away.  
But when she looked to the far off town  
Her hopes went up and her feet went down.  
And her speed increased till the dust arose  
And filled her hair and her throat and her nose.  
Thus real estate she had not known  
The carried away and called her own.  
The judge walked slowly down the lane  
Swinging his great gold-headed cane.  
And looked at the grass and flowers and trees  
The singing birds and bumble-bees.  
And watched the swallows skim and dip  
Till the bicycle struck him amidship,  
Then he stopped where the cool spring bubbled up  
A little disfigured and doubled up.  
And when he came to, he wondered whether  
The lightning had struck him in such fair weather.  
His clothes were torn, and his brand new cane  
Was found next day at the end of the lane  
He held his shin while he danced a reel  
In a mazy whirl with the maiden's wheel  
And something he said about he'd be blowed  
If he didn't wish she'd staid out of the road  
He spoke of the things which preachers say  
But he said them in quite a different way.  
And Maud forgot her much-torn gown  
And her promised trip to the far-off town.  
And listened while sad and sweet surprise  
Looked out from her beautiful blue eyes.  
At last like one who couldn't stay  
She mounted her wheel to ride away.

But alas for maiden, alas for judge  
She found the bicycle wouldn't budge.  
Her wheel in vain to spin she turned.  
While her cheeks like a tallow candle burned.  
For the tire was off and the chain was broke  
One treadle was wound all around a spoke.  
The judge looked back as he climbed the hill  
And saw Maude Bennett standing there still.  
The proud man sighed with a secret pain  
For fear the thing would hit him again.  
But the lawyers smiled that afternoon  
To see him so sadly out of tune  
For they could not guess by the frown he wore  
Just what had struck him the morning before.  
And when the maiden drew draft  
For damages done, the judge he laughed.  
And drew his check and not his rein  
And said "Far worse it might have been."  
But it filled his heart and soul with awe  
When he tried to explain to his mother-in-law.  
And when she spoke of the squandered gold  
He grew very hot and she very cold.  
Ah! well for us all that a husbands lies  
Are as good as the truth in womans eyes.  
And in the hereafter angels may  
Quit riding wheels along the highways.

# THE PONY

(Illustrated by Paul E. Barr)



The Latin student went to class  
Riding on his pony,  
And when he got there found, alas!  
He knew translation only.

And when constructions he was asked  
Of montem, me and boni,  
He found it was no easy task  
To manage then his pony.



And when the test day came around,  
He soon began to squirm;  
His pony threw him to the ground  
And he had to take the term.

He wailed aloud when his grade was read  
For he was left alone;  
But the teachers without pity said,  
"He reaps as he has sown."



## Up to Date Experimental Chemistry



The experiment was working nicely  
Near by the stirring rod hung,  
"Taste the mixture," thot Petie wisely  
And so he burned his tongue.

The zinc was almost used up;  
Only a piece, a little square  
Pence thot he'd be first to it,  
In the race Berl fell over a chair.



Bertha laid aside her jewelry  
Her gift, a new diamond! ! ! ? ? ring,  
Then went after some chemicals  
Doodle 'swiped' the valued? ? thing.

Gladys was fixing some apparatus  
The Prof. says, "Let ME assist YOU,"  
So taking a rod he thot was hollow  
He blew—and blew—and blew.



## Psalm of Strife

Tell me, if you can, in numbers,  
Why to school we slowly go,  
When we have not mastered Latin  
And none of our lessons know.

Then it is our steps are lagging,  
And our duty we would shirk,  
Till we meet the gaze of teachers  
Who insist that we shall work.

Work, not rest, and work in earnest,  
All our credits to attain,  
That next year we may be Sophomores  
And not falter in the game.

To be "flunked" by loving teachers  
Is the sentence often passed,  
After many hours of study  
Study, that can't be surpassed(?)

When we hear that direful sentence  
Our poor hearts so brave and true,  
Seem to almost cease their beating,  
As our lessons we pursue.

Of the future we know nothing  
Of the past, too much, alas!  
Could we banish it forever  
We'd stand higher in our class.

Our instructors all remind us  
Our Exams are not severe,  
We must pass them without error  
And be Sophomores by next year.

So to work our thoughts are turning  
Work that's earnest and complete,  
That when school days all are ended  
We shall suffer not, defeat.

## The Grind's Prayer to His Dreams

Oh, dear dreams, come back and haunt me  
Just as true as life I want thee,  
Full into my vision flying,  
Yet ethereal in thy dying.

Dreams of knowledge come before me  
Light my mind in yearning for thee,  
Beam upon my darkened conscience,  
Cast away my thoughts of nonsense.

Thrust into my heart of coldness,  
Wedge in culture, art and boldness,  
Stir within me kind emotion,  
Teach me loving pure devotion.

Leave me not alone to dally,  
With the tasks which 'fore me rally,  
Help me, dreams, with thy resources  
In encounter with life's courses.

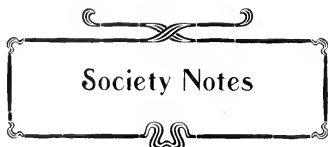
Help me battle 'gainst temptation,  
Let me soar in contemplation,  
Of my worth to this fair nation,  
And my place in life's great station.

Yes, dear dreams of sacred treasure,  
Come relieve me in my liesure,  
Build into my heart a spirit  
Of true worth and rightful merit



SOCIETY

By Edgar Jones



## Society Notes

On Friday evening, Sept. 30 the Senior class, accompanied by Miss Bennett, were entertained at the home of John D. Smith, Jr., eight miles southwest of town. The trip was made in Young's furniture wagon and was by no means the least enjoyable part of the evening. The lawn was illuminated with lanterns. A picnic lunch was served, then tennis and other games indulged in. The members of the class were weighed on the farm scales, the total weight being 2690 pounds. The jolly crowd returned home at the midnight hour, bringing with them many pleasant memories of the evening.

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Chaperoned by Prof. Deetz, the members of the Sophomore class were off for a hay ride, Friday evening, Sept. 30. Their destination was Carr's grove, where they toasted marsh mallows. Some flashlight photographs were taken, and the merry party returned home at a late hour, having had all the fun that comes from such a trip.

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The I A class, gave a hay-ride Friday night, Oct., 14, and had several of their I B friends as guests. The party was chaperoned by Miss Ethel Daum, and all were assembled at the home of Miss Gwendolyn Rouns to await the arrival of the hay wagon. They drove several miles into the country, then went to the home of Carl Crail, where refreshments were served and a general good time was had. At a late hour they returned home, having spent a very enjoyable evening.

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On Friday evening, Oct., 21, the Juniors were entertained at a progressive party beginning at the home of Francis Staats. Here the first course was served after which partners were chosen for a grand march to the next place. After a long walk, enlivened by races and class yells the class arrived at the home of Gladys Dice. After a short but enjoyable time the second course was served. Then all started out again, their destination this time being Marie Nicholson's, and here they spent the remainder of the evening. When the third course had been served Mr. Dodds told many thrilling stories of his trip to Germany. At a late hour the party ceased and all hurried home, having spent an evening long to be remembered.



The Seniors were entertained at a Hallowe'en party' Friday evening, Oct. 28 at the home of Mabel Showers, one mile northeast of Jacksons. The members of the class, accompanied by Mr. Deetz and Miss Scotten, left Tipton on the 7:30 car. After reaching Jacksons they walked to the Showers home, where games, music and contests were enjoyed, after which refreshments were served. The party returned home on the last car, declaring Mabel a most royal hostess.

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The Juniors were entertained at a Hollowe'en party at the home of Ernest Rosenthal. The members of the class went arrayed in wierd and grotesque costumes and they had much fun in determining "who was who." Refreshments were served, games were played and a general good time was had by all. Then in the wee hours of the morning they departed for their respective homes.

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The Sophomore class went, in a body, to the home of Elma Michel two and one fourth miles south west of Tipton to delve into the mysteries of Hollowe'en. The trip was made in a dray. They were most royally entertained. Refreshments were served, games and music were enjoyed, and after having all the fun possible the class returned to Tipton. Then the crowd dispersed and the members returned to their various homes.

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A great, grand time! yes the Freshmen had a grand time. They assembled at the home of Esther Loucks to enjoy the festivities of Hollowe'en, following the example of the more dignified members of the T. H. S. They were entertained in a most royal manner but hastened home at an early hour, already having in mind all sorts of hallucinations concerning ghosts and goblins.

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The Senior class accompanied by Miss Scotten, Miss Bennett, Mr. Dodds and Mr. Deetz was entertained at a Thanksgiving celebration at the home of Oren B Foster, 3 miles North of Jackson. The class left on the 6:30 car and were met at Jackson by Mr. Foster with a hay-riggin. The three miles were soon traversed and everybody was ready for a jolly good time. The evening was spent in various games and a general good time was had. Refreshments were served. And soon all piled into the wagon, having spent a very enjoyable evening.

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#### SOPHOMORE PARTY

May 3rd, members of the Sophomore class were entertained by Edith Scally at the home of her sister, Mrs. Melvin Justice. The rooms were decorated in class colors of old gold and black. Guessing contests were the main feature of the evening. Dainty refreshments were served after which the guests departed declaring they had spent one of the most enjoyable evenings of their High School career.

The Seniors were entertained with the members of the Faculty at the home of Ruth Anderson at St. Patrick's Day celebration. The home was decorated in a pleasing manner, appropriate to the occasion. The scheme was carried out even to the refreshments. A musical program and guessing contest were the features of the evening. Prof. Patterson being the winner of the prize. A flash-light picture was taken after which the guests departed declaring they had spent a very enjoyable evening.



One of the most enjoyable evenings of our High School career was spent at the home of Floyd and Pearl Mayne, five miles west of town. The seniors with Miss Bennett, Miss Towne and Mr. Dodds, met at the home of Jean Johns and about 8 o'clock left Tipton in a fresh air wagon. Everything went well with the exception of a pair of glasses lost and a couple of seniors who thought they could spend the time to a better advantage alone, jumped off and decided to stroll along the country road. We soon arrived at our destination. Here the evening was spent very enjoyably. Games and contests were features of the evening. Dainty refreshments were served and after declaring to have spent a most enjoyable evening, every one piled in the wagon and were off again for Tipton.



# This That and the Other

## Rules for Freshmen

Bow when you meet any Senior.  
Speak like nice little children when talking to Seniors.  
Remember to never crowd past Seniors in the halls.  
Never speak to Seniors unless spoken to.  
Do not take Senior girls home, there are plenty of Senior boys, for that purpose.  
Do not get lost on the stairway.  
Don't fall up stairs.  
Don't forget to take your afternoon nap.  
Be sure to bring all your toys the first day of school.  
Never interrupt a Senior.  
Keep your eyes off the Senior boys.  
Don't make eyes at the Senior girls.

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## Mental Geography

The most populous country is Oblivion; many go there, few return.  
The largest river is Time.  
The deepest ocean is Death.  
The region where no living thing hath habitation is called Yesterday.  
The most highly civilized country is today.  
The region where no man has ever set foot on is called Tomorrow.  
The highest mountain is called Success. Few reach the top save those who watch for the passing of the spirit of the mountain, Opportunity, who carries upward all those who sieze hold on him.

## A Few Queer Queries

How tall must a man be to be above criticism?

What is the best fertilizer to use in raising objections?

What kind of knife is used to carve out one's destiny?

Can you settle a man's hash for him if he is a vegetarian?

What sort of a pin is used to pin one's faith to anything?

Can millionaires be put down among the popular airs of the day?

If marriage were made in heaven, would a lot of old moids commit suicide?

Would snoring be called sheet music?

A conundrum:—How many miles does Miss Scotten walk keeping order in assembly the last period?

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## Adam and Eve and THAT APPLE

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat?

Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2- a total of 10 only. Now we figure the thing out far differently. Eve 8 and Adam 8 also—total 16.

And yet the above figures are entirely wrong. If Eve 8 and Adam 82, certainly the total will be 90. Scientific men, however, on the strength of the theory that the antediluvians were a race of giants, reason something like this. Eve 81 and Adam 82—total 163.

Wrong again; what could be clearer than, if Eve 81 and Adam 812, would not the total be 893? If Eve 811st and Adam 812, the total would be 1623.

I believe the following to be a fair solution: Eve 814 Adam, Adam 8124 Eve—total 8938.

Still another calculation is as follows: If Eve 814 Adam, Adam 81242 oblige Eve total 82056. We think this, however, not a sufficient quantity. For though we admit that Eve 814 Adam, Adam if he 8081242 keep Eve company—total 8.082.056.

All wrong. Eve, when she 81812 many, and probably she felt sorry for it, but companion, in order to relieve her grief, 812. Therefore when Adam 81814240fy Eve's depressed spirits. Hence both ate 81, 896,864 apples

# We Juniors

DEDICATED  
TO  
MISS GRETCHEN SCOTTEN

Her traits of true worth, no one can surpass  
And we hope she can say, the same of our class.

I should say, the best room if I were to guess,  
'S in the north-east corner of the T. H. S.  
We know we've received abundant assistance  
From our loyal teacher, the best in existence;  
I have little time so now I shall pass  
Away from the teacher and go to the class:  
We are **HARDY** and strong, and I'm right here to say  
You'll surely be **SHOOK**, if you don't stay away:  
All **HOSIERS** we are, of the very best type,  
For example, take **JOHNSON, SMITH, ROBINSON, PYKE.**  
And when the **BELL** rings, **NICHOLSON** is right there  
With the money that keeps us all up in the air:  
We are sure to get just a **LITTLE** bit **MOORE.**  
Which makes all the other classes sore:  
If ever you want the best advice  
Just ask either **WATSON, STAATS, WIGGINS** or **DICE;**  
And now to our minds come the ones that are near,  
They are **LUDWIG** and **FRANCES** and **TRESIDDER;**  
Now this I'll inform you is nearly all  
But don't forget **FOSTER** or young **ROSENTHAL**  
If your destination is not very far  
You can **WALKER** along with **WHEATLEY** and **BARR.**

GORDY WHEATLEY, '13

## The Naughty Fly

When you want to sleep  
He tickles your nose;  
If you go barefoot  
He tickles your toes.

He swims in the milk;  
Then tackles the meat;  
With never a thought  
Of wiping his feet.

He tastes of the poison  
With never a mutter  
Then flies, flies away  
To die in the butter.

ALPHA B. GRAY, '14



And Edith R., our English star,  
Just lives on Louis' love;  
She hopes some day, no doubt she may,  
With Louis dwell above.

B. P. they say, just loves to play,  
With dainty poodle dogs;  
An old maid she shall surely be.  
For she thinks men are rogues.



**ATHLETICS.**

Drawn By Edna Jones '09

# Athletics

In the fall of 1910 the athletic situation here assumed a hopeless complexion, for football as the material was too light, nevertheless the students met, reorganized the association, and elected Glenn as President and Graham as Secretary and Treasurer, and in order to meet expenses, voted a membership fee of 25 cents.

The students were very enthusiastic and heartily supported the association giving it the largest membership ever received here.

The members formed a Basket-Ball League among the four classes, purchased goals and placed them in the school-ground. Here the games were played, the Seniors winning the championship. No games were scheduled with outside teams as this was the first attempt at Basket-Ball.

The success of the Base Ball nine has been a grand surprise.

During the winter months the prospects were gloomy as but three old players were in school. But when the Spring practice commenced things began to brighten up and some stars were soon developed. Graham was elected Manager and sceduled games with neighboring schools, but many of these were canceled owing to the fact that they abandoned the diamond for the field meets.

The opening game was played with the Kempton H. S., in that town on March 31. This game was spirited throughout, by snappy plays on the part of the Tipton lads and when they were dug out of the snow drifts they saw the Kempton team sneaking away with the little end of a 4 to 3 score.

A return game was played at Tipton April 14 and when the dust had settled at the end of the eleventh inning the Kempton boys returned home beaten by a score of 3 to 2. This was one of the best games ever seen on the local diamond.

The next game was played at Windfall May 5. Here the Tipton team played well considering the bad umpiring which was always against them. They lost this game by a score of 13 to 12. But the players came back undiscouraged with the result, for they were satisfied that the score would have been different had they received a square deal.

A series of games were played among the classes, the Seniors easily winning the championship.





Left to Right - Robert South, Paul Barr, Ray Glenn, Hugh Shook, Ray Kirtley, Berl Graham, Roy Brookbank, Owen Foster, Ralph Smith, Forest Eaton.

## PERSONNEL OF '11 TEAM

Lineup and Batting order

Berl G. Graham—Manager.

Roma Brookbank .....	1st f
Oren Foster .....	2nd
Ray Glenn .....	Catcher and Captain
Ray Kirtley .....	3rd base
Robt. Smith .....	c f
Paul Barr .....	1 base
Ralph Smith .....	s s
Forest Eaton .....	r f
Hugh Shook .....	Pitcher
Leonard Pence .....	Substitute

Shook and Glenn form an excellent H. S. battery. Both are old men on the team and bat well. "Shook," the mainstay in the box, is a pitcher, of unusual ability. Glenn, the captain, backs him up with the big mitt, thereby holding the confidence of his team mate."

Barr—"Bud" is a fast player, as a 1st baseman was needed this year he was handed sack number one and has held it down by playing a reliable game thus backing up the battery. Foster is a new man at second, notwithstanding he plays the position well and hits the ball right on the nose.

In baseball, Kirtley has distinguished himself as a third sacker. In all games played he has made his presence felt by means of his numerous hits, many of which are with the girls.

Ralph Smith—"Smithie," at short, not only fields well but bats safe. He always covers second or third when such a play is needed.

Eaton—"Ben", our right fielder, the only "freshie" on the team fields well and will develop into a fine player with the three more seasons due him.

Robert Smith—"Bob" or "Nig"—feels (fields) like a veteran. He sends out the long drives thus putting the base runners to circling.

Brookbanks—"Brookie.", the soph. player, takes his place in left field. He not only plays the game there but also with the "big stick."

Pence—"Hige"—"Chocolate" fills the roll of sub. and plays an all round good game. He is pinch batter and gets most of his hits on left ear.

BARR and GLENN

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### TIPTON HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES WHO HAVE MADE GOOD IN COLLEGE ATHLETICS:

If I remember correctly the Tipton High School motto is something like this: "I am a part of all I have met." Without question the above motto has proven a suitable one, yet, it is only true in proportion to the effort put forth by the individual to win that coveted place in the hearts of his contemporaries. Year after year a large number of representative High School graduates pass out of the Tipton

High School. Whether or not they go away to college, they immediately enter into, and become a vital part of society in general which is so abundantly extended to them. A record of those who have become college men and women will show their versatility—show them taking a vigorous part in class-room, social, athletic, or campus activities alongside their neighbors from larger and more thoroughly equipped preparatory institution—but it is only with one particular phrase of activity viz, the athletic career of former male graduates of the Tipton High School, does the following article deal. The material, incomplete though it may be, for the most part is correct, since it was collected first hand from the individual in question except in case of extreme timidity on the part of the latter when asked concerning his record,—in such case the material was obtained from other and scattered sources.

In former days, prior to '95, there was little or no athletic organization in the High School, and even the minor colleges had not yet begun to make much of the physical side of education. Hence the graduates of those days, though every whit as good as the ones at present found little opportunity of acquiring fame as a member of a college team. Foot-ball was introduced to the High School students about '94 or '95, when by private subscription among the boys a foot-ball was purchased, and booted around the lot at "recess" time. Few of this squad of boys, however, landed in college, and as a result their careers, the particular kind with which this article deals, never materialized, or at least were cut short. The class of '91 furnished in Max Meblig a loyal adherent and advocate of college athletics as shown by his career at Purdue. His athletic activity was minimized, however, by the early date in which he attended college, and not on account of his lack of eagerness or ability.

The first account we have of sitting up and taking notice is when Mount of '96 stirred things up at Butler and Danville Normals, at which latter place he captained the 1902 team and played fullback as well. Favorable comments before that time on the cleverness of Danville foot-ball teams were very rare, but the people still remember the team of '02 when Mount hit the line regularly for substantial gains. Later he played tackle and center on the Butler eleven and displayed the same aggressiveness there that made him famous in the Hendrick's County Seat. He found his way into the managerial game soon afterward,—the base ball team Normal '03, and Indiana Law School team '04 being managed by the same Mount. Although we know very little about this, we understand that the elder Mount came to the rescue in due time.

For three years things remained quiet in so far as hearing from the illustrious alumni was concerned, but Moore '99 revived the spirit, and we hear of him first at DePauw where he played end on his class foot-ball team, thereby winning his numerals. We next hear from him a few years later at Columbia in rowing circles, where he won his Junior "C" in the eight-oared shell at the Georgetown regatta in in '03, later winning a Varsity "C" on the four-oared crew at the Harlem regatta '04. This stamps him as being the first and only Tipton High School graduate to win distinction on the water.

Three more years went by without the monotony of college life being broken. Finally Smith and Watson '02 while at DePauw lived in the open air long enough to win numerals on the class foot-ball team, also to hold down positions on the

scrub eleven. Watson, in addition made the class track and basketball teams and carried away three "D's" for as many years service on the Varsity base-ball team.

The class of '03 furnished the various colleges of the state with good material, but Purdue, Indiana and Butler furnished other attractions for Meblig, Butner, Kemp, Ayers, and others, than those of the gridiron, diamond, or cinder path. As devotees, however, they were hard to beat, and Parke preferred the players bench in the spring, where he could keep score for the boys who made Purdue famous, to the more strenuous life of the athletic field. While Kemp, too, confined his exertions merely to his lungs from a point of vantage high up on the bleachers.

The '06 class put out some good athletes, among whom was Ogan who cast his lot with Purdue and did good work on the foot-ball squad in 1908, returning the next year to make a position on the team, a team which, the athletic authorities of the University decided, gave no, or very little credit to the institution, for which reason the athletic letter "P" was withheld. But for this unfortunate ruling Ogan would now have a college letter to show for his work there. The following spring '10, he did good work at first base for the scrub base-ball team.

At Wabash, Lindley '06 did daily duty on the scrub nine, and by so doing incidentally helped the first team along in its preparation for all state honors.

This brings us down nearer at hand Ramsay '08 is in I. U. where last spring he won his freshman numerals on the base-ball team. This year he hopes to beat Cotton Berndt out of his permanent job at second base—if not this year no doubt he will win his "I" in base-ball before he graduates.

At Purdue, Bower '08 has been constantly pursued by the hoodoo of all athletes—bad luck. But for a knee that absolutely refuses to heal, he might now be doing things for the Boilmakers.

Ralph Kirtley '09 played tackle last fall on the Gem City Business College team and made good—being one of the two men to play the entire season without substitution. Herman O'Hara of the same class participated in Inter-Hall athletics at Notre Dame.

Of the last years class '10 very little is known. Of the college boys Van Buskirk is doing good work on the second freshman basketball five at Purdue, and Ralph Kemp is a candidate for the freshman crew at Wisconsin. No doubt they will be heard from later.

Nearly every one of the colleges of the state has taken our graduates, developed them and caused them to stand out prominently as a result of their endeavor. Tipton High School graduates have in them the qualities, that, with persistent application will produce results.

Purdue, Indiana, DePauw, Notre Dame, Wabash, Butler, Columbia and Wisconsin have welcomed our athletes, rejoiced at their coming, and exulted in their making good. Athletic recognition is not, and should not be the ultimate end and aim in college life to be sure, but it is a recognition not wholly without honor, and it is a source of no little pleasure to be able to boast of even a meager record in college athletics, and to be proud of a college letter, if it has been earned, above all, fairly and squarely.

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 The Spring Term Bulletin.  
 The Summer Term Bulletin.  
 The Bulletin of the School of Law.  
 The Bulletin of the School of Education.  
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# CALENDAR

# Calendar

- Mon., Sept. 5. Rent books, sixty-six shy Freshies initiated. Two new teachers appear.
- Tues., Sept. 6. Mr. Dodds return from European trip. The program is arranged.
- Tues., Sept. 13. Guy B. Luther R. and Mildred C. all take seats on the floor with more force than elegance.
- Wed., Sept. 14. Cyril M. goes to sleep—How strange!
- Thurs., Sept. 15. Beauford H. (in assembly) is seen frantically waving his hand.
- Tues., Sept. 20. Maud W., Francis S., and Alice P. seem to think that there is an easier way to get down stairs than to march down. They soon change their minds however.
- Wed., Sept. 12. Melba R. gets a reserved seat in Algebra I.
- Mon., Sept. 26. Chapel. Surprise 'parties' numerous.
- Thurs., Sept. 29. A certain Senior is caught writing a love letter to a Freshie, the letter beginning, "My dearest little Jessie." Can you guess why?
- Tues., Oct. 4. Mr. Dodds tells Freshies that they should be ladies and gentlemen and leave their bibs and toys at home.
- Thurs., Oct. 6. Reunion of 75th and 101st Reg. in city; veterans visit High School.
- Wed., Oct. 12. Seniors receive class pins, just 418 years after Columbus discovered America.
- Thurs., Oct. 13. No chapel, but Mr. Dodds informs us that Mr. Deetz eats just as much breakfast as when we did have chapel.
- Mon., Oct. 17. Mr. Dodds has his usual morning talk with Miss Scotten at the third period.
- Thurs., Oct. 20. Florence L., translating in Lat. IV, "And he, weeping, cried."
- Mon., Oct. 24. Miss Smith and Dr. Hurty address High School.
- Tues., Oct. 25. Foot-ball game between Seniors and High School. Score 5 to 0 in favor of Seniors.
- Fri., Oct. 28. Hallowe'en celebrations: Senior party at Mabel Showers.  
Sophomore party at Elma Michael.  
Freshman party at Esther Loucks.  
Junior party at Ernest Rosenthal.
- Everybody had a good time.
- Tues., Nov. 1. Mr. Dodds informs the Seniors that they had better be using "midnight oil." They can't imagine what he means. ????
- Thurs., Nov. 3. Mr. Patterson tells Bertha Porter that there is a man for every emergency.
- Fri., Nov. 4. Seniors get their Geom. grades. All are pleased. ???
- Mon., Nov. 7. Ray K., dreaming, forgets that he is a Senior and goes to Lat. II.
- Wed., Nov. 9. Juniors and Seniors go to Indianapolis to witness "The Merchant of Venice" and "King Lear."
- Mon., Nov. 14. Pearle Askren, (Eng. IV). "People got broader (minded) during the Renaissance."
- Wed., Nov. 16. Miss Scotten, (Eng. IV). giving principal parts of strike: "strike-streck, struck."
- Fri., Nov. 18. Miss Bennett writes on board "Freshman class I B, expand."
- Mon., Nov. 21. Mr. Deetz—"Plants are as much alive as—what, Kent?" Kent L.—"I am."
- Tues., Nov. 22. Berl G., (Eng. IV).—"He was deposed by the son of his Uncle."



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- Fri., Nov. 25. Mildred C. "Mr. Dodds, may I speak to Mr. Physiography?" (meaning Mr. Deetz.)
- Mon., Nov. 28. Prof. Deetz is seen timidly thrusting a note under Miss Scotten's door.
- Fri., Dec. 2. A Junior writes his Latin sentence at the top of the board; Miss Towne kindly requests him not to write so high.
- Mon., Dec. 5. Mr. Dodds, (Hist. II.) "How long has the Catholic church lasted?" Marie P—"Ever since it began, I suppose."
- Tues., Dec. 6. Mr. Patterson in Hist. III calls Louis Foster "Edith." How strange!
- Tues., Dec. 13. Seniors carry rattle boxes to Geometry class.
- Thurs., Dec. 15. Miss Bennett teaches Freshman boys to walk.
- Tues., Dec. 20. Gordy W. thinks he is a Freshie and actually plays with a "whirl-a-gig" for a whole period.
- Fri., Dec. 23. Out for Christmas vacation; Senior debate in assembly and readings by Mr. Williams.
- Mon., Jan. 2. Back to work once more.
- Wed., Jan. 4. Mr. Deetz locks Ralph S. in laboratory while he is taking an exam. and forgets to let him out. Ralph misses German class.
- Fri., Jan. 6. Eugene Pyke, following the example set by the Freshies vigorously munches a stick of candy; at the same time Mr. Dodds lectures on eating candy in school.
- Tues., Jan. 10. Gordy W. (Germ. III.) "To-day is not so cold as tomorrow was."
- Wed., Jan. 11. }  
 Thurs., Jan. 12. } Term Exams.  
 Fri., Jan. 13. }
- Mon., Jan. 16. Two Sophomores use their spares (?) time rolling ink—bottles.
- Tues., Jan. 17. Jean J., multiplying, "zero times six equals six."
- Thurs., Jan. 19. Mr. Dodds, (Germ. IV.) "Round apples are better than square ones."
- Tues., Jan. 24. Miss Bennett quotes scripture in Math. IV.
- Wed., Jan. 25. Miss Scotten and Ruth A. have a discussion as to where the conscience is located.
- Mon., Jan. 30. Dallice F. accidentally strikes Mr. Deetz in the face and knocks his spectacles off, then asks him if we want a side or a front view of a certain plant. He informs her that he feels as if he has had a front view.
- Tues., Feb. 7. Mr. Patterson favors Senior class with a solo.
- Fri., Feb. 10. Seniors play "Merchant of Menice" at the Martz. Great success.
- Mon., Feb. 13. Esther H. decides to attend Latin IV.
- Wed., Feb. 15. Miss B. (Math. IV.) "Boys, shall we be seated?"
- Fri., Feb. 17. Found—A postal addressed to Miss Scotton and beginning: "Di- ever occur to you, that a good man—"
- Mon., Feb. 20. Robert S. falls out of his seat.
- Wed., Feb. 22. Jean J. sings "good night, Dear" all day.
- Tues., Feb. 28. Berl G. believes in the simple way of spelling. He spells yields "y-e-a-l-d-s."
- Wed., Mar. 1. Paul Barr falls in love with a Freshman girl and anxious to learn his fate, he writes to a fortune—teller.
- Mon., Mar. 6. Carl R is seen smiling sweetly at a Freshman girl.
- Thurs., Mar. 9. Harry Glass is seen intently looking for air ships on assembly ceiling.

- Mon., Mar. 13. Paul Barr gets an answer from the fortune—teller. It proves very satisfactory and Paul will give the address to any one on request.
- Fri., Mar. 17. Junior boys all seem to be Irish. Seniors entertained by Ruth A. Juniors by Marie N. John D. looks very innocent with his big green tie.
- Mon., Mar. 20. Don T. comes to school with his hair combed pompadour style. Jean J. asks him where the parting is.
- Wed., Mar. 22. Seniors order invitations.
- Mon., Mar. 27. Seats changed in Eng. IV.
- Tues., Mar. 28. Ralph Richman addresses High School.
- Fri., Mar. 31. High School plays game of base-ball with Kempton, T. H. S. victorious.
- Mon., Apr. 3. A certain lad goes away to school and Ruth A. sings at Dreamland, "I Never Knew I Loved You, 'Till You Said 'Good-Bye'."
- Fri., Apr. 7. Helen T. (to Marie W.) "Say, Kid, how can I get rid of that greasy expression on my face?"
- Tues., Apr. 11. Florence L. is found jumping the rope with some Freshman Seniors threaten to exile her.
- Thurs., Apr. 13. Leonard Pence wears a green checked necktie and brings a razor to school. Every one takes it for granted that he wants to become a "chocolate" barber.
- Tues., Apr. 18. Harry H. is seen wandering down W. Madison-st., at noon hour.
- Thurs., Apr. 20. High School Frolic. Great! Wonderful! We surely did appreciate the presence of Mr. Deetz.
- Fri., Apr. 21. Base-ball game between Tipton and Kempton. Tipton wins.
- Tues., Apr. 25. I B class have pictures taken. Mr. Deetz is besieged with the mumps.
- Wed., Apr. 26. I A " " " "
- Fri., Apr. 28. Jean J. spying an innocent little mouse, quickly takes refuge on top of a desk.
- Wed., May 3. Eugene Pyke and Ruth McConkey go to "Tiptonian" office to rest during English period.
- Fri., May 5. Seniors entertained by Pearl and Floyd Mayne. Miss Bennett calls Harry H. "honey."
- Thurs., May 11. Junior Frolic.
- Fri., May 12. Faculty and Senior girls tendered banquet by the boys of the class.
- Mon., May 15. Seniors gone. How lonesome!
- Fri., May 19. Junior reception at Tresidder's.
- Wed., May 24. Commencement at Martz Opera House.
- Thurs., May 25. Alumni Banquet.



# Jokes

Ray Glenn, (Germ. IV)—"Jean what does 'has he' mean in Deutsch?"

Jean J.—"Hat er." (hot air.)

Ray G.—"That's what you're full of."—(Glenn dodges an ink bottle.)

Pearl Mayne, (Eng IV.) (reading to Allen I.)—"God help thee, poor monkey."

Harry H.—(whispering) "Gee! What a compliment!"

Roma B. (Bot. II.) "How big a square was that circle you're talking about, Deetz?"

Miss Scotten, (Eng. II) "And who were with Hawkeye at this time?"

Sterling S.—"Three Indians, the father, his son and—"

Voice from rear of room—"The Holy Ghost."

Mr. Deetz. (Chem. IV.)—"How do you know there's hydrogen around the sun?"

Floyd M.—"Wy, you can go up in a balloon and find out."

Mr. Deetz. (Bot. II.)—"Inside the cell is the cell nucleus around which is the cell wall which is composed of what, Sterling?"

Sterling S.—(desperately) "Celluloid."

Mr. Dodds. (Germ. III.)—"You see Gordy! We haven't done a thing."

Gordy W.—"Well I reckon we used up the time, didn't we?"

A break or two, or three or four, and maybe five, and no doubt more.

Eng. IV { Lela Good.—"The padlock (paddock) calls."  
Eugene B. Pyke.—"The magget pies." (magpies)  
Ray Glenn.—"My genius is rebucked" (rebuked.)  
Allen Innis.—"His lean was as horse." [His horse was as lean.]  
Miss Scotten.—"In a dood gweny mays." [In a good many ways.]  
Helen Brown. [indignantly]—"He was as fresh as the month of May."

Mr. Dodds [Germ. III.]—"Can you tell the gender of a noun, Earl?"

Earl L.—"Yes, I could, if I knew it."

Mr. Deetz. [Chem. IV.] "Can you explain a limelight?"

Eugene P.—"Wy, its a case of popularity, I guess."

Mr. Dodds. [Hist. I.]—"Now all you little freshies must learn to keep your thumbs out of your mouths, so you can learn to talk."





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Mr. Deetz. (Chem. IV.)—"They used to use beans for weighing diamonds,"  
Leonard P.—"Don't look like every bean 'ud be the same size."

Miss Scotten. (Eng. I.)—"Have you ever had 'homo' in Latin class?"

Freshie.—"Wonder if she thinks Miss Towne is running a soft drink establishment."

Floyd M. (Chem. IV.)—"If you put a match in a flame the outside always burns first."

Harry H.—"How'd he ever find that out?"

Miss Scotten. (Eng. I.)—"Harry, what is the meaning of 'copse'?"

Harry G.—"Policemen, I 'spose."

Mr. Deetz. (Chem. IV.)—"Eugene knows all about the use of natural gas."

Aloysius Mc. (enviously) "Why?"

Mr. Deetz.—"Can't you tell? He uses it so industriously in talking."

Mr. Dodds. (Hist. I.)—"Luther, do you wait for the full moon before you butcher?"

Luther R.—"No sir, we wait till we get the hogs."

Bruce Summers is so small that the Freshmen have to use a microscope to see him, but when the grades are given out he attracts more attention than the Freshmen of greater avoirdupois.

John L. (Eng. I.)—(reading) "Back they limped with slow and pickled pace."

Miss Bennett tells freshies she wants to be left alone. She need not be alarmed, for the little lads are afraid of her and too young besides.

Mr. Deetz. (Chem. IV.)—"What's the greatest value of carbon dioxide?"

Harold P.—(longingly) "Wy to make beer and soft drinks." Harry H.—[aside]—"Shows where his mind is"

Miss Scotten. (Eng. II.)—(reading) "What do the five senses show?"

Homer A. (awakening suddenly) "Who do the five cents shows?"

Mr. Patterson. (Hist. IV.) to Ruth Mc.—"Yes, your argument is sometimes used even by intelligent people."

Mr. Deetz. [Chem. IV.]—"I found some sparkling quarts [quartz] in the ditch."

Harry H. [disappointedly] "And I thought he was a temperance man."

Miss Bennett. [Geom. IV.] "You'll have to learn to stand on your own feet."

Florence L.—[in smothered voice] "Yes, 'cause its impolite to stand on other peoples feet."

Mr. Dodds. [Hist. II.] "Who tended and managed the castles and estates in the absence of the lords?"

Edith Scally, [loyally] "Women!"

Mr. Dodd.—"And who knew and possessed all the wisdom of the day?"

Will Z. [with ardent manner] "Men!"

Mr. Deetz.—(Chem. IV) "What's wrong with that symbol?"

Harry H. (desperately) "Wy 'er! Ah! The H is not very neatly written."

Miss Scotten. (Eng. II.)—"Harry, what were the genders of the Three Fates?"

Harry A.—Kind o' mixed up, I think."

"Peetie" Patten.—(Latin II.) disturbs the class by snoring several octaves louder than usual.

Mr. Deetz. (Chem. IV.)—"What are some of the industrial uses of water?"

Harry H.—"Wy, for bathing beaches."

Chem.! Busts' { Mr. Deetz.—"They then went to work and got tired."  
Floyd M.—"Water is found in the plant and vegetable kingdom and  
in rain."  
John D. S.—"The birds lived about 1000 years and then got old."  
Mr. Deetz—(excitedly)—It thakes hoo trydioxides." (It takes two  
hydroxides.)  
Mr. Deetz.—"Why, there's as much difference between oxygen and  
hydrogen as dark and night."  
Mr. Deetz.—"Potassium salt has a salty color."  
Lydia T.—"Say, Ray, what is the common name for salt?"

Floyd M. (Germ. III.)—(with a twisted tongue) "I've been visiting tomorrow."

Harold P. (Eng. IV)—(reading Macbeth) "Knock! Knock! Knock!"

Bertha P.—"Ah! Ha! That's the proper spirit."

Mr. Dodds (Hist. II.) (describing the act of Homage) "The vassal knelt and clasped the hands of the lord in his. Then a kiss was exchanged and—

Clatie O'Banion—(interested) "Were there any lady lords?"

Esther H. (Hist. II.)—[writing on the board] "The champaigne of Charlemagne was admirable." [campaign]

Mr. Deetz. [Bot. II.]—"Give the manner in which sap is made to ascend the tree."

Fred R.—"Different kinds of chemicals come together and blow it up, I s'pose."

Mr Dodds. [Hist. II.]—[illustrating a point] "Now for instance, I cannot throw a ball very far, but I can run mighty fast at times!" [Mayhap he remembers that fatal night in March so many moons ago.]

Miss Bennett. [Geom. IV]—"Those little wiggly freshmen do not know how to study."

Seniors.—"Tis indeed very apparent, 'doncha know."

Claton O'B.—"I don't care a blamed thing 'bout the girls, 'cept to be with 'em."

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Mr. Dodds. (Hist. II.)—"Now think of this thing for two or three hundred years and maybe you'll see how it was."

Mr. Deetz!—(discussing petiole with Nina B. S.) "Now this pet—pet—pet—"  
Nina B.—(Blushing sweetly) "Now Mr. Deetz."

Allen I.—(reading to Pearl M.) (Eng. IV)—"Nay, and what will you do for a husband?"

Eugene B. Pyke, suddenly arouses from sleep and makes a noise like looking 'peart.'

Mr. Dodds. (Hist. II.)—"What country in Europe is infested with Mohammedans?"  
Kent L.—"Africa."

Miss Scotten' (Eng. II.)—"Name the perfect tense of a verb that's beginning to go out of use."

Pupil—"Gotten and—"  
Voice in rear of room.—"Rotten!"

Robert S. (Eng. IV.)—(reading) "And 'tis said the horses ate each other."

Miss Scotten,— "What's that the sign of, Robert?"

Bob. S. —"Sign of hydrophobia, I 'spect."

Mr. Dodds. (Hist. II.)—"At what time was this battle fought, Harry?"

Harry A. —(wildly) "Sometime before the Panama canal was dug."

Miss Scotten. (Eng. IV) "Robert, who sits behind you?"

Robert S., "Nobody." (Gladys Bowlin in second seat behind him.)

Seniors, giving advice'—"Throw a book at him Gladys."

Miss Scotten. (Eng. I.)—'Bruce, would you like Ichabod Crane for your school teacher?"

Bruce S.—"Yes mam! He only whipped the big boys."

Miss Towne, [Latin II.] "What is the——?"

Leonard P. [awaking from deep slumber] "Huh? ! ! "

Hist. II.—[blackboard] "Last call for a girl for Literary at Atlanta." signed—  
"Yours in haste, Harry F. Albershardt."

Miss Scotten. [Eng. IV.]—[reading] "She drank the cup"—

Harry H.—"She must have been some some relation to a goat."

Mr. Deetz, [Chem. IV]—[provoked] "Wy it doos [does] Nothin' of the kind, for that's Keyrackteristick of the shubstance."

Floyd M. [Lab. IV—"Hey! Where's my bottle?"

Harry H.—"For goodness sake! Put him over on the freshman side!"

Mr. Patterson, [Hist. IV]—"Ben Franklin had just money enough for one loaf, so he bought two."

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Mr. Deetz, (Bot.)—"Louis, F. what kind of beets are raised in England?  
Louis F.,—"Dead beets".

Mr. Deetz, (Phys. III)—"Why is it so in deep mines?"  
Louis F., "Cause it's so close to hell, I reckon."

Mr. Dodds, (Hist. II)—(to Springer for talking so so low) "Open your mouth,  
Stanley, and throw yourself into it."

Harry Herron (Germ. III)—(translating) "He—that is, the goat-eats glass leaves."

Mr. Deetz (Chem IV) "They find sulphur in Chili."  
Berl G.—"What kind? Mexican Chili?"

Ruth A. (Eng. IV)—(Miss Scotten moving Mayne, John D. and some others)  
"Goodness! Miss Scotten is playing checkers with the boys it's Allen's move."

Miss Scotten (Eng. IV)—"What were some of Bacon's works?"  
Pence, the knocker,—"Shakespeare's writings."

Prof. Patterson [Hist. IV] "Wasn't Spain and United States at war in  
Cuba?"

Edith R.—"Why most of the was over water, I think."

Mr. Dodds [Hist. IV.] "I open the colored section of the Sunday Star and all  
ways for the article "How others have built."

Kids—"Gee! His case is sure taking on serious aspects."

Mr. Deetz, [Phy. I]—"Carl, when did history begin?"  
Carl C.—I can't remember that long ago."

Mr. Dodds [Hist. II]—Harry, give the name of the German Family ruling at  
this time."

Harry A.—"Hohen—ha—haw—saw—"

Mr. Dodds. "Ah—h no! Let some other little dutch girl try to tell us."

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Eugene B. P. [Eng. IV]—[reading] "Doth thou call me fool, boy?"  
Paul B.—"No, but I won't say any thing contrary to the accusation"

Miss Scotten [Eng. II]—"How did Godfrey take his disappointmentJ.,

Harry A.—"Pretty bad."

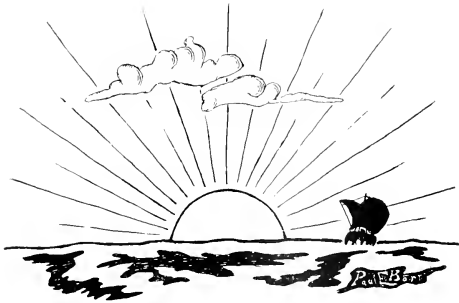
Miss S.—"Be explicit."

Harry A—"B X—what?"

Little kid at 3rd Ward school house to "Flick" Herron;—"Gee, you're easy!  
Wisht you wuz our teacher all th' time."

Miss Bennett [Arith. IV]—[to Ruth A. in problem] "Ruth do you remember  
your dimensions?"

Other Seniors—[Sympathetically] "Please, Miss Bennett, don't embarrass her  
before the whole class."











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